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No 28
FEB.

ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

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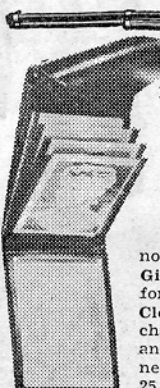
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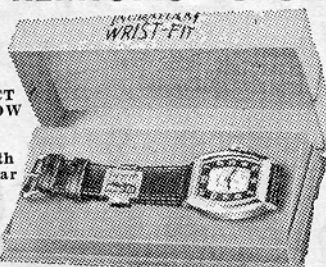


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Year



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GIVEN - GIVEN

Premiums - Cash Commission

ACT
NOW

BOYS - GIRLS
LADIES - MEN

56th
YEAR

BE
FIRST



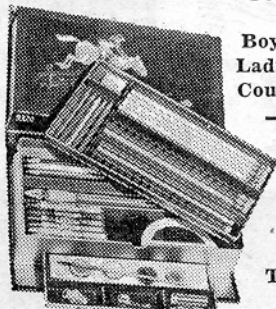
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Coupon



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Now

Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches (sent postage paid). Boys-Girls Bicycles (sent express charges collect). Other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. Write or mail coupon today. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. M-27, Tyrone, Pa.

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Be
First

Act
Now

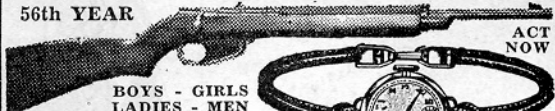
Our
56th
Year

Mail

OUR
56th
YEAR

GIVEN - Premiums - Cash

56th YEAR



BOYS - GIRLS
LADIES - MEN

Genuine 22 cal. Rifles, MAIL Wrist Watches (sent COUPON postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. **GIVE** Pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order. WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. P-27, TYRONE, PA.



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MAIL COUPON TODAY

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. A-27, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....
Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial 13 colorful art pictures with 13 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

Name Age.....
St. R.D. Box.....
Zone
Town No. State.....
Print LAST
Name Here

Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW



WHAT IS IT A VAMPIRE SEEKS IN THE MUFFLED HOURS BEFORE DAWN? IS IT A SLEEPING VICTIM WHOSE ONLY WARNING OF THE RUSTLING WINGS COMES IN A TROUBLED NIGHTMARE... OR IS IT SOMETHING WORSE? A STRANGE MURDER LEADS A YOUNG REPORTER TO THE ANSWER... THE TERRIFYING SECRET OF
The VAMPIRE'S PREY!

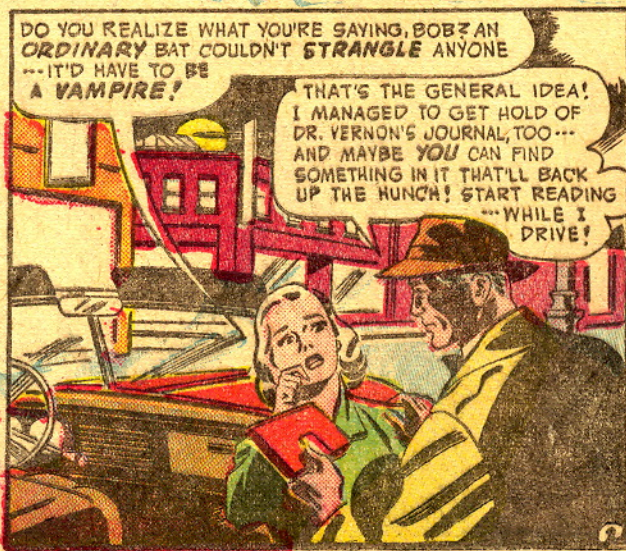
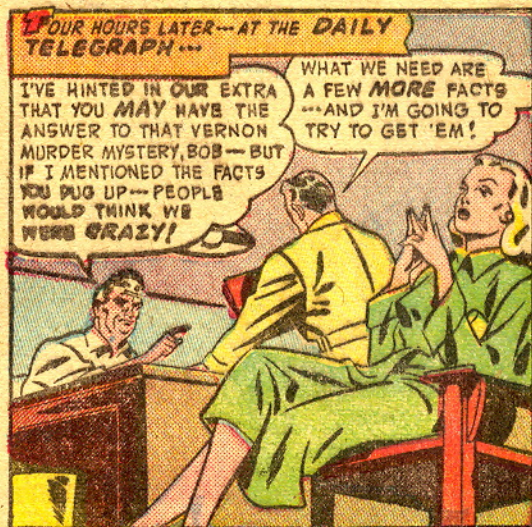
THE NEXT TIME WE'VE GOT A DATE, BOB... I WISH YOU'D TELL YOUR EDITOR TO SEND SOMEONE ELSE OUT ON HIS OLD NEWS BEAT!

LOOK, HONEY... THIS STORY'S IMPORTANT! DR. DUDLEY VERNON'S BEEN MURDERED... AND THE WHOLE THING'S A COMPLETE MYSTERY TO THE POLICE!

DAILY TELEGRAPH

I REMEMBER READING ABOUT DR. VERNON ONLY LAST WEEK! DIDN'T HE DISCOVER SOMETHING CALLED CORPOSENE?

RIGHT... IT'S A COMPOUND THAT'S IDENTICAL TO HUMAN BLOOD! BEING ARTIFICIAL, IT CAN'T STIMULATE THE BRAIN TISSUES... BUT OTHERWISE, IT'LL BE USEFUL FOR EMERGENCY TRANSFUSIONS!



**MINUTES
LATER...**

SORRY, BOB---THERE ISN'T A
WORD ABOUT VAMPIRES! HERE'S
THE LAST ENTRY---DATED A WEEK AGO:
"ONLY ONE MINOR SUBSTANCE
MAKES MY COMPOUND A DANGEROUS
ACID. IF I CAN FIND A WAY TO
REMOVE IT WITHOUT AFFECTING
THE REST OF THE SOLUTION---
CORPOSENE WILL BE THE
EXACT CHEMICAL COUNTER-
PART OF HUMAN
BLOOD..."

GUESS DR. VERNON'S JOURNAL WON'T
BE MUCH OF A HELP AFTER ALL, TRUDY!

BOB! GOOD HEAVENS
---WHAT'S THAT?

THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF, HONEY
--BATS ARE A DIME A DOZEN ON WARM
EVENINGS LIKE THIS!

I KNOW THAT---BUT I NEVER
SAW ONE THAT GAVE OFF A
SPOOKY GLOW!

SUDDENLY, THE GLOW BRIGHTENS---AND AS A
HIDEOUS CONVULSION SEIZES THE BLACK SHAPE---

BOB---THAT DIABOLICAL
THING'S CHANGING
SHAPE!

YOU CAN STOP WONDERING ABOUT VAMPIRES NOW!
AFTER READING YOUR NEWSPAPER STORY, I
DECIDED IT WAS TIME YOU LEARNED WHAT IT
MEANS TO MEDDLE WITH
ME---SANGRINI!

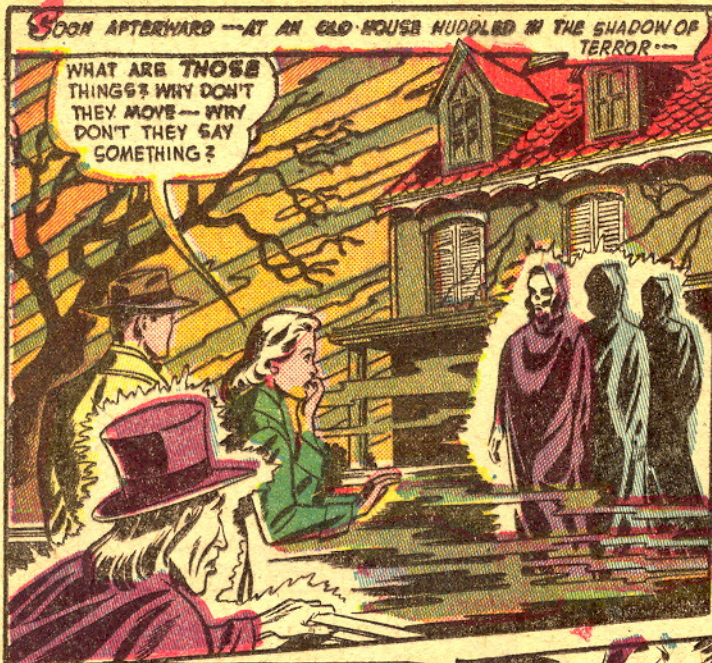
SOMETHING'S---
WRONG! I---CAN'T
THINK CLEARLY!

HE'S BEEN HYPNOTIZED!---FOR HEAVEN'S
SAKE, BOB---FIGHT IT OFF!

THAT'S A PROOF OF MY
POWERS---I HAD BARELY
STARTED TO BRING HIM UNDER
MY CONTROL! HE CAN'T RESIST---
HE'S GOING TO DRIVE TO THE
OLD MANSION ON WILLOW HILL
---AND THERE I'LL SHOW YOU
HOW HUMANS CAN BECOME
A VAMPIRE'S PREY!

SOON AFTERWARD -- AT AN OLD HOUSE HUDDLED IN THE SHADOW OF TERROR --

WHAT ARE THOSE THINGS? WHY DON'T THEY MOVE -- WHY DON'T THEY SAY SOMETHING?



THEY'RE ZOMBIES -- AND IT WAS FOR THEM THAT I KILLED DR. VERNON -- AND SEIZED BOTH THE CORPOSENE AND THE FORMULA!

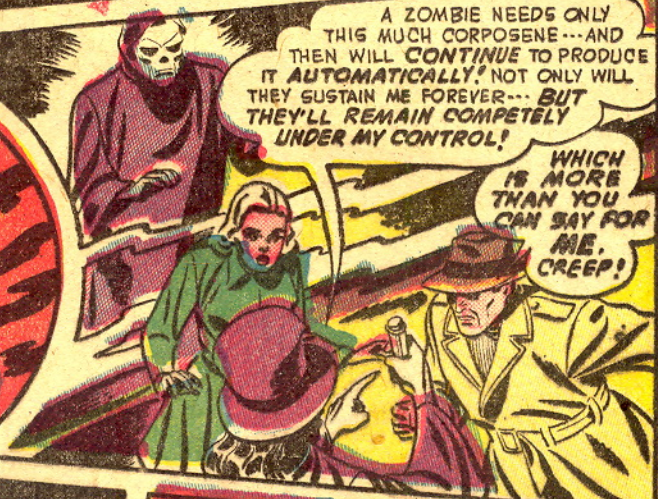


A VAMPIRE MUST HAVE PURE BLOOD -- UNCONTAMINATED BY ANY FOREIGN SUBSTANCE -- AND WHERE CAN IT BE FOUND IN AN AGE WHEN EVERYONE HAS BEEN INOCULATED OR OTHERWISE INJECTED WITH CHEMICALS? BUT BY RAISING A BAND OF NEWLY DEAD AND PUMPING CORPOSENE INTO THEIR VEINS -- I'VE FOUND THE PERFECT SOLUTION!



A ZOMBIE NEEDS ONLY THIS MUCH CORPOSENE -- AND THEN WILL CONTINUE TO PRODUCE IT AUTOMATICALLY! NOT ONLY WILL THEY SUSTAIN ME FOREVER -- BUT THEY'LL REMAIN COMPLETELY UNDER MY CONTROL!

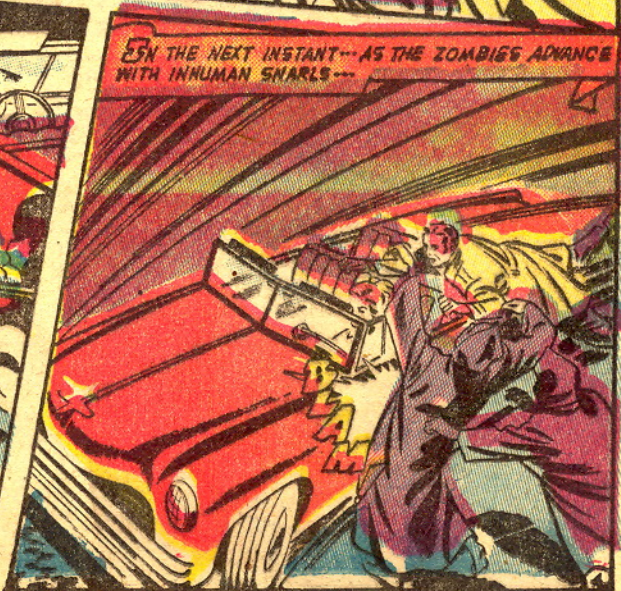
WHICH IS MORE THAN YOU CAN SAY FOR ME, CREEP!



TRUDY -- GET THE CAR MOVING!



IN THE NEXT INSTANT -- AS THE ZOMBIES ADVANCE WITH INHUMAN SWARMS --



I DON'T UNDERSTAND, BOB--- WHAT REVIVED YOU?

I ONLY **PRE-TENDED** TO BE HYPNOTIZED, HONEY---THEREBY PREVENTING SANGRINI FROM **REALLY** GOING TO WORK ON ME! AS FOR THIS VIAL---IF SANGRINI CAN RESTORE CORPSES TO LIFE WITH AN INJECTION OF CORPOSENE, SO CAN WE---AND THE BODY WE'RE GOING TO WORK ON WILL BE DR. VERNON'S!

SOON AFTERWARD---

ARE YOU SURE WE'LL FIND DR. VERNON'S BODY HERE, BOB?

YEP---THE CORONER ALWAYS HANDLES MURDER CASES! LET'S SEE---ONE OF THESE SKELETON KEYS OUGHT TO WORK!

CORONER'S OFFICE

OH!

I CAN PROBABLY FIND A HYPODERMIO IN THAT CABINET---AND THEN MAYBE YOU'D BETTER GO OUTSIDE!

THEN---AS BOB STEELS HIMSELF FOR AN ORDEAL FEW HUMANS HAVE EVER FACED---

MOMENTS LATER---

BRACE YOURSELF, TRUDY---HERE HE IS!

BUT IF IT'S TRUE THAT CORPOSENE CAN'T RESTORE HIS MENTAL PROCESSES---HE'S NOTHING BUT A ZOMBIE! WE CAN'T RISK TAKING HIM TO SANGRINI'S LAIR---ONCE HE COMES UNDER THE EVIL INFLUENCE EXERTED BY THE PLACE---WHO KNOWS WHAT WILL HAPPEN?

JUST THE SAME---DR. VERNON'S THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN RELEASE THE DEAD FROM SANGRINI'S POWER! I'M GOING TO TAKE A CHANCE, AND SHOW HIM THE HORROR OF THAT PLACE---AND RELY ON THE FACT THAT THE FORCES OF RIGHT IS ON OUR SIDE!

AS THE MOON PEBBLES DOWN AT THE HAVEN OF HORROR---

HA HA HA! NOTHING CAN CHASE ME NOW, ZOMBIES---SANGRINI WILL LIVE FOREVER!



AN ENDLESS SUPPLY OF CORPOSENE---AN
ENDLESS SUPPLY OF DEATHLESS BODIES
---GIVING ME THE LIFE FORCE NO MAN
CAN LIVE WITHOUT! TONIGHT YOU WILL
HELP ME---WE WILL PROWL AMONG THE
TOMBSTONES TOGETHER!

DR. VERNON, YOU TOILED FOR YEARS TO
PRODUCE CORPOSENE AS A MIRACLE COM-
POUND THAT WOULD SAVE THE LIVING---
NOT CONDEMN THE DEAD TO AN ETERNITY
OF HORROR LIKE THIS! EVEN IF THE
CORPOSENE HADN'T REVIVED YOUR
MIND---SOMETHING MUST BE LEFT
OF THE WILL THAT DOMINATED
YOUR LIFE---PROMPTING YOU
TO HELP YOUR FELLOW
MEN!



IF YOU'VE UNDERSTOOD---IF YOU'RE READY TO
HELP---YOU KNOW THE METHOD! YOUR
JOURNAL MENTIONED A SUBSTANCE THAT
HAD TO BE REMOVED BEFORE COR-
POSENE WAS SAFE---AND HERE'S
YOUR CHANCE TO TAKE US TO YOUR
OFFICE---AND SHOW US WHAT
IT IS!



SLOWLY AND FIRMLY---THE LIFELESS ARMOR BEARS ITS
ARM FROM BOB'S BREATH!

BOB---HE DIDN'T
LISTEN! THERE'S
WHERE HE WANTS
TO BE---INSIDE
---WITH THEM!

DR. VERNON---WAIT!
THIS'LL MEAN SACRIFICING
US AS WELL AS YOUR-
SELF!

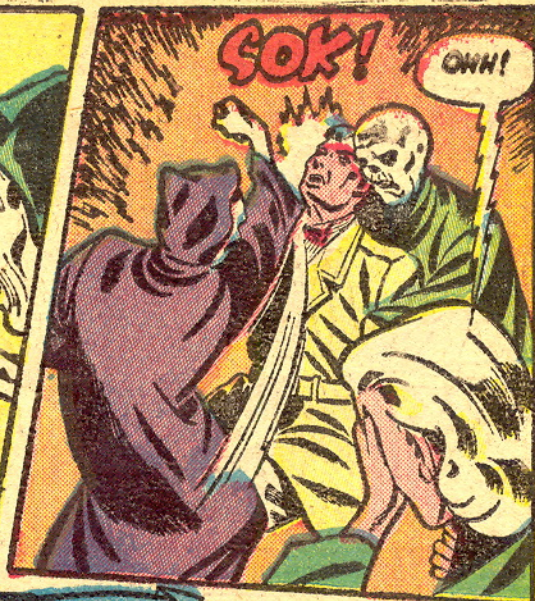


STOP---YOU
DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
DOING!

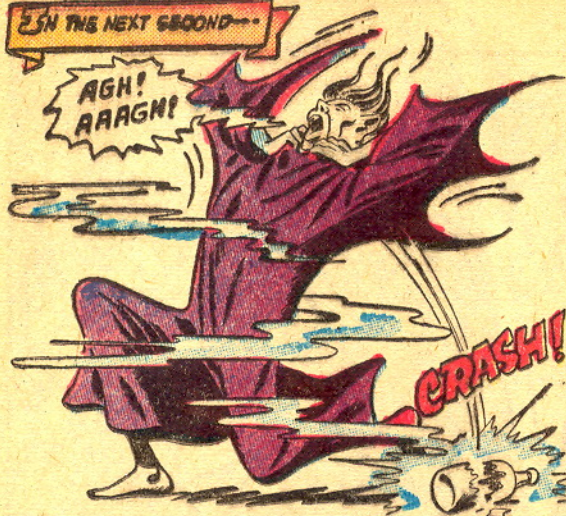
WOPS OF THE IN-
FERNO! THEY'RE BACK
---WITH DR. VERNON!



MORTALS---AND THEY THINK THEY CAN KEEP DR.
VERNON FROM JOINING ME---NOW THAT HE KNOWS
THE POWER I'VE GAINED FROM CORPOSENE! SEIZE
THEM---AND THIS TIME---MAKE SURE THEY
DON'T ESCAPE!

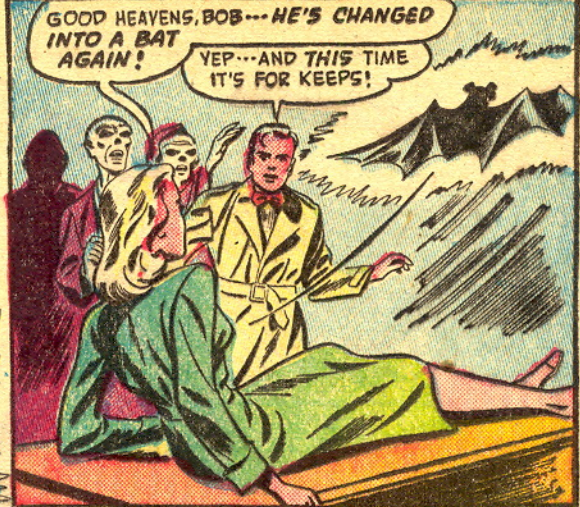


IN THE NEXT SECOND---



GOOD HEAVENS, BOB--- HE'S CHANGED INTO A BAT AGAIN!

YEP---AND THIS TIME IT'S FOR KEEPS!



AS THE FLAPPING CREATURE VANISHES IN A FIERY FLASH---

YOU MEAN THIS IS THE END OF SANGRINI? BUT NOW?

THERE'S THE SUBSTANCE THAT MADE CORPOSENE A DANGEROUS ACID---AMMONIA! BUT IT'S AN ACID THAT COULD ACT ONLY ON CORPOSENE IN LIVING TISSUES--- LIKE SANGRINI'S!

CRRAK!

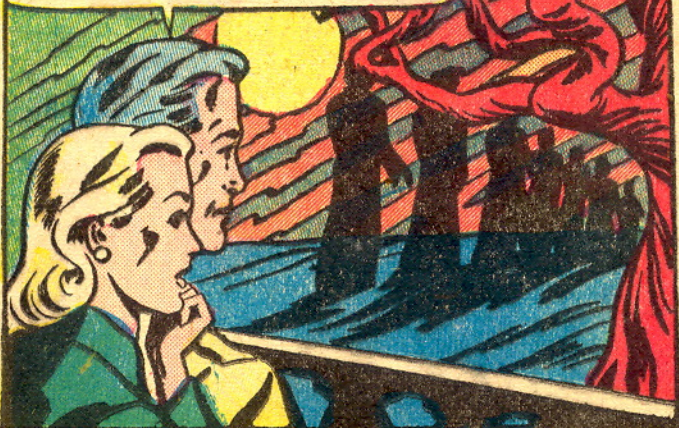


THEN DR. VERNON DIDN'T FAIL US, BOB!

RIGHT! HE TOOK A CHANCE ON YOUR FAINTING WHEN THE ZOMBIES CLOSED IN--- SO HE COULD TRICK SANGRINI INTO UNCORKING THE BOTTLE! AND NOW THAT THE ZOMBIES ARE NO LONGER UNDER SANGRINI'S FIENDISH CONTROL--- BOTH THEY AND DR. VERNON WILL RETURN TO THEIR RESTING PLACES!



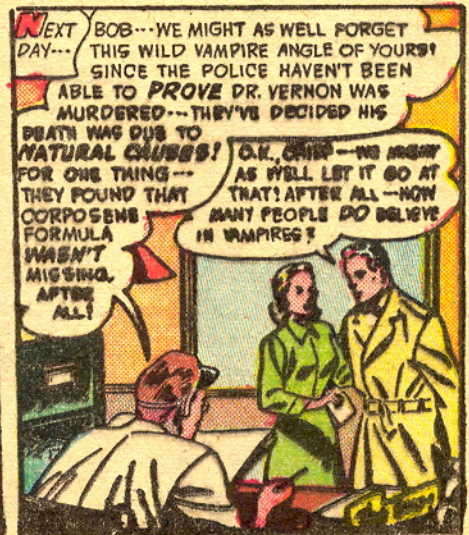
WE'LL FIND THE CORPOSENE FORMULA AMONG SANGRINI'S PAPERS ---AND SEE THAT IT'S USED AS DR. VERNON INTENDED! THAT MUCH HE CAN BE SURE OF---NOW THAT HE AND THE OTHER DEAD ARE RETURNING TO THE HAVEN OF THE BEYOND!



NEXT BOB---WE MIGHT AS WELL FORGET DAY--- THIS WILD VAMPIRE ANGLE OF YOURS! SINCE THE POLICE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO PROVE DR. VERNON WAS MURDERED---THEY'VE DECIDED HIS

DEATH WAS DUE TO NATURAL CAUSES! FOR ONE THING--- THEY FOUND THAT CORPOSENE FORMULA WASN'T MISSING, AFTER ALL!

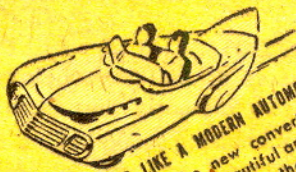
O.K., CHIEF---WE MIGHT AS WELL LET IT GO AT THAT! AFTER ALL---NOW MANY PEOPLE DO BELIEVE IN VAMPIRES!



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Boys' and Girls' Models



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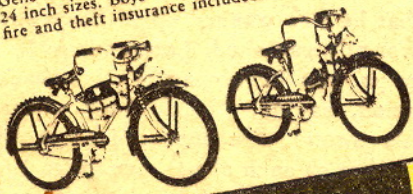
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THE Visitor

WALKING DOWN THE high hill toward the cluster of buildings below him, the visitor saw instantly that there were 2,978 souls inhabiting 3,006 bodies in the town of Westwood...and the 28 soulless individuals were not natives of the town, but had moved into it from other localities. That meant, the visitor knew, that he had never before stopped off at Westwood. How he had missed the town in his extensive travels, he couldn't imagine...but he would soon remedy that!

Minutes later, motorcycle patrolman Mike Ragley spotted the visitor speeding down the road toward town in a foreign-made limousine at 80 miles an hour. With siren screaming, Mike soon forced the car to the side of the road. But before Mike could begin to berate the cigar-smoking, prosperous-looking driver with the diamond stud-pin in his tie, the visitor waved a bill in front of Mike's eyes.

"Here's a thousand bucks if you forget what you saw," the visitor said. "I'm in a bit of a hurry...take it or leave it."

Mike gulped as he examined the bill. It was genuine, all right. He'd never taken a bribe in his entire thirty-year career on the force...but a *thousand bucks!* "It... it's a deal," Mike managed to gasp out. But when he looked up from the bill to wave the visitor on, neither car nor driver was anywhere to be seen...and Mike felt strangely empty and hollow, as if something vital had fled from the core of his being.

2,977 souls now, the visitor thought as he pulled up in front of the Reliable Construction Company building. Within minutes, he was closeted with Honest Jim Parker, the president of the company, offering to tell him what the Westwood Construction Company's bid was for the new highway job. Honest Jim sweated for a few minutes; he'd never done a thing like this before, but his competitor *needed* that highway contract...and if Jim could underbid them, they'd be sure to go out of business. With visions of having a monopoly on all construction in the town, Honest Jim betrayed his name. "It's a deal," he told the visitor. "Thirty pieces of silver,

thirty silver dollars you want for the information? Here!"

But the instant the deal was consummated, Jim Parker regretted it...for he felt that he had lost something more than his nickname, that something intangible but vitally important had fled from his heart forever.

2,976 now, the visitor thought as he sped on his way to offer the butcher a load of black-market meat, and to offer the 9-year-old girl the answers to the next day's geography test. But it was the girl, Judy Hanscombe, who was the first one ever to refuse the visitor's offer in some thirteen centuries.

"No, I don't want to know the answers," Judy said, backing away from the visitor toward the butcher-shop window. "I know who you are! Those horns...that tail... those hooves...you're *Satan!*"

"Why, Judy," said the butcher, coming out of the store, eager to befriend the stranger who had benefited him so much, "how can you say such a thing about such a nice man? Can't you tell by his overalls and that meat truck he drives that he's just an honest worker?"

"What overalls...what meat truck?" interrupted Patrolman Ragley, who had spotted the visitor standing outside the butcher shop and had pulled up to thank his benefactor. "Why, he's dressed like an important politician...and he drives that big limousine parked at the curb!"

A few passers-by who had heard the conversation stopped to say what *they* thought the visitor looked like...and strangely enough, each one described a different person! And when the visitor saw Phil Walton, the town's reporter, saunter over to take his picture, he knew that he was washed up in Westwood...and promptly vanished. Later, when the photograph was developed, Phil showed it around, saying, "Little Judy was right... it's *Satan!* He appeared as a different tempter to each of us...except to Judy and the camera, who saw him as he really was...because they couldn't be tempted into evil!"

DEMON *of the* DEVIL

DEAD LANGUAGES CAN'T REALLY BE CONSIDERED DEAD -- NOT WHEN THEY'RE CAPABLE OF SUMMONING UP A DEMON FROM THE ANCIENT, UNKNOWN PAST! HERE'S A GASP-LADEN TALE OF SUCH A LANGUAGE AND SUCH A DEMON -- FIENDISHLY EVIL BEYOND ALL BELIEF!



THE DEPARTMENT OF ANCIENT LANGUAGES
AT OMEGA UNIVERSITY...

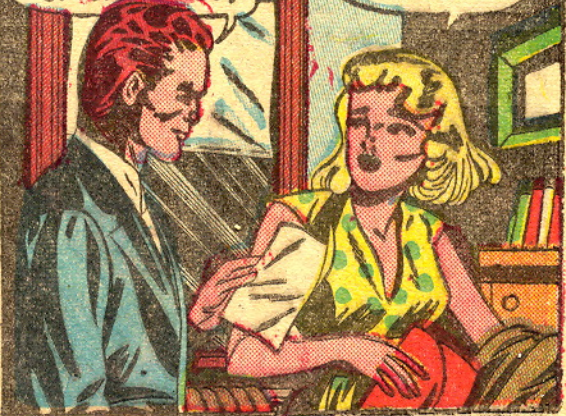
GREAT NEWS, ELLEN! I THINK I'VE FINALLY SUCCEEDED IN DECIPHERING THE INSCRIPTION ON THAT ANCIENT ASTYPAREAN STONE TABLET THAT'S BEEN PUZZLING PHILOLOGISTS EVER SINCE IT WAS DUG UP FROM THE RUINS OF BABYLON LAST YEAR!

OH, WARREN --
HOW WONDERFUL!
I'LL BE RIGHT OVER
TO HEAR ALL
ABOUT IT!



HERE'S HOW THE TRANSLATION
FINALLY WORKED OUT -- "RISE
UP, O DEMON OF SATAN --
AWAKEN TO FEED ON THE
MINDS OF MORTALS FOR
THE GLORY OF THE PRINCE
OF DARKNESS!"

WHY, IT... IT'S A
SATANICAL IN-
CANTATION! I
WISH YOU HADN'T
SUCCEEDED IN
DECIPHERING
IT, WARREN!





IT SOUNDS EVEN MORE AWESOME WHEN IT'S READ IN THE ORIGINAL ASTYFARJAN LANGUAGE! MY RESEARCHES HAVE TAUGHT ME NOW THE WORDS ARE ACTUALLY PRONOUNCED-- SO I'M PROBABLY THE FIRST MAN IN THOUSANDS OF YEARS TO READ THE INCANTATION THE WAY IT WAS ORIGINALLY MEANT TO BE INTONED/ LISTEN...

NO-- DON'T! WHAT IF THE INCANTATION IS A GENUINE ONE? IT...IT MIGHT SUMMON UP SOME AWFUL BEING IF IT'S READ IN THE ORIGINAL TONGUE!



DON'T BE A SUPERSTITIOUS GOOSE, HONEY! HERE, I'LL SHOW YOU NOTHING WILL HAPPEN WHEN I READ IT! --YASISTRASHTO YA LATE ASURASYA VANGHUS ZHAN SHUAI PIL-KARTA!



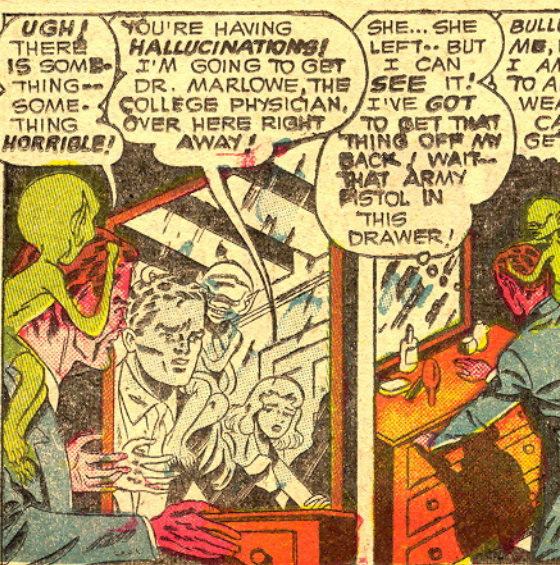
SUDDENLY AS THE LAST WORDS OF THE INCANTATION FADE AWAY...

CRACK! WHA--! OOH-- THAT... THAT BLINDING LIGHT!



WHAT... WHAT'S ON MY SHOULDER, EILEEN? I CAN FEEL IT-- BUT WHAT IS IT?

THERE'S NOTHING THERE, WARREN-- ALL YOU'RE TOUCHING IS THIN AIR! LOOK IN THE MIRROR-- AND SEE!



UGH! THERE IS SOMETHING-- SOMETHING HORRIBLE! YOU'RE HAVING HALLUCINATIONS! I'M GOING TO GET DR. MARLOWE, THE COLLEGE PHYSICIAN, OVER HERE RIGHT AWAY!

SHE... SHE LEFT-- BUT I CAN SEE IT! I'VE GOT TO GET THAT THING OFF MY BACK! WAIT-- THAT ARMY PISTOL IN THIS DRAWER!

BULLETS CANNOT HURT ME, WARREN STRYKER-- I AM INVULNERABLE TO ALL PHYSICAL WEAPONS! YOU CAN NEVER GET RID OF ME!

YES, I HAVE THE ABILITY TO READ MINDS-- AND FEED ON MINDS! I AM SATAN'S OWN DEMON, SENT OUT INTO THE WORLD THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO TO ADD TO HIS POWER BY FEEDING ON MAN'S BRAINS AND KNOWLEDGE!

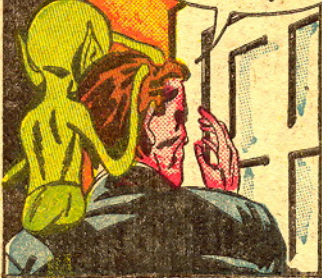


BUT SOME 2,000 YEARS AGO WAS HURLED BACK INTO THE LIMBO OF NOTHINGNESS BY A COUNTER-INCANTATION-- AND SLEPT THE SLEEP OF THE DEAD FOR 20 CENTURIES, UNTIL YOU AWAKENED ME! AND NOW I AM FAMISHED FOR LIFE-GIVING KNOWLEDGE! BUT I CAN ONLY BROWSE ON YOUR SURFACE THOUGHTS, BECAUSE A COMPLETE FEEDING KILLS THE VICTIM-- AND I WILL NEED YOU TO CARRY ME AROUND TO ALL THE BRILLIANT SCHOLARS AND SCIENTISTS I WILL CHOOSE TO FEED ON!

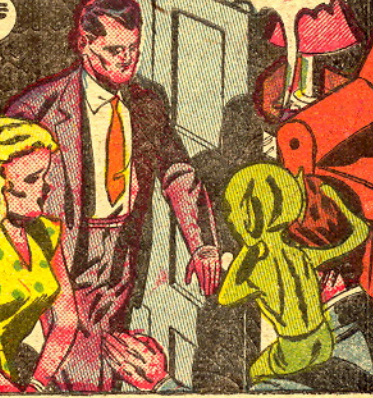


AND SINCE I AM INVISIBLE AND INAUDIBLE TO ALL EXCEPT YOU, APPROACHING MY VICTIMS WILL BE EASY! BUT NOW ENOUGH TALK-- I AM FAMISHED FOR KNOWLEDGE-- YOU'LL OBEY ME-- YOU'LL HELP ME GET IT, WON'T YOU?

THOSE... THOSE TENTACLES-- DRAINING MY WILL POWER-- YES, I... I'LL OBEY!



AM STRONGER-- KNOWS A TRICK I HEAR ABOUT. HE HAS KNOWLEDGE WHICH I CAN USE! APPROACH HIM!



YAAAAAGH!

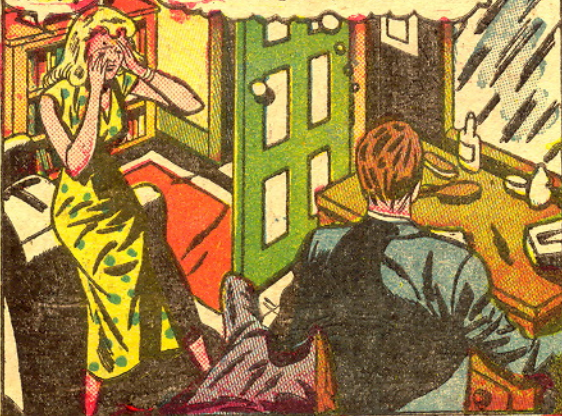
GREAT HEAVENS-- HE... HE'S DEAD!

YES-- AND NOW I MUST SLEEP... SLEEP-- UNTIL THE PANGS OF HUNGER AWAKEN ME IN TWO DAYS! UNTIL THEN-- I WILL BE INVISIBLE EVEN TO YOU, WARREN STRONG!



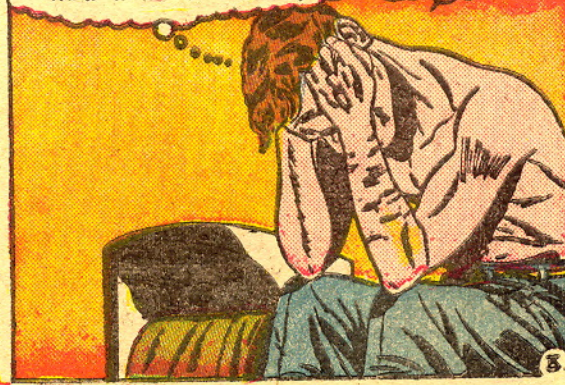
BUT... BUT NOTHING WAS NEAR HIM-- HOW DID HE DIE-- WHY?

I COULD ANSWER THAT, BUT NO ONE WOULD EVER BELIEVE ME! I CAN STILL FEEL THE DEMON'S WEIGHT ON MY SHOULDER AND ITS TENTACLES WRAPPED AROUND MY NECK! I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF IT SOMEHOW!



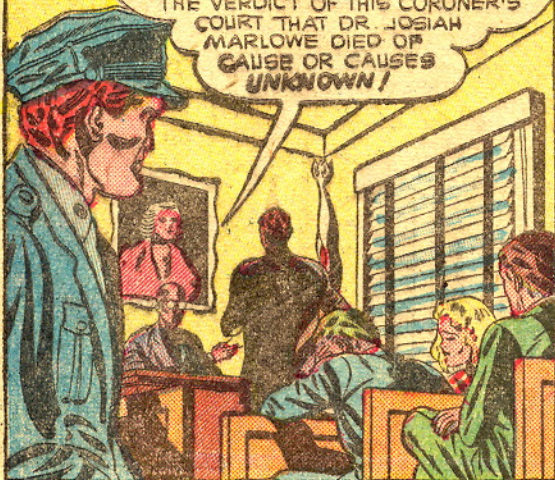
TWO DAYS LATER...

IT'S NO USE! I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING ON THAT AWFUL CREATURE-- BUT NOTHING SEEMS TO HAVE HURT IT! I CAN STILL FEEL IT BREATHING, AND IT'S DUE TO AWAKEN TODAY! IF I COULD ONLY LOCK MYSELF IN MY ROOM SO IT COULDN'T FORCE ME TO GO OUT AND APPROACH ANOTHER VICTIM-- AND IF ONLY I DIDN'T HAVE TO GO TO THAT INQUEST TODAY!



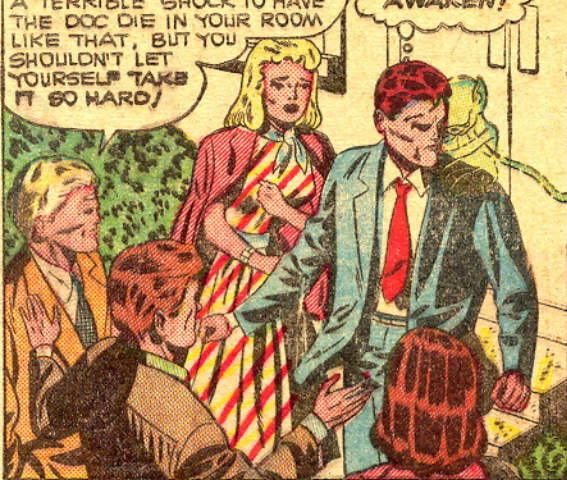
AT THE INQUEST...

...AND IN VIEW OF THE FACT THAT THERE WERE NO SIGNS OF HEART FAILURE AND NO OTHER REASONS FOR DEATH, IT IS THE VERDICT OF THIS CORONER'S COURT THAT DR. JOSIAH MARLOWE DIED OF CAUSE OR CAUSES UNKNOWN!



YOU SEEM TO HAVE AGED IN THE LAST TWO DAYS, WARREN! WE KNOW IT MUST'VE BEEN A TERRIBLE SHOCK TO HAVE THE DOC DIE IN YOUR ROOM LIKE THAT, BUT YOU SHOULDN'T LET YOURSELF TAKE IT SO HARD!

THE DEMON-- IT'S BEGINNING TO STIR-- TO AWAKEN!

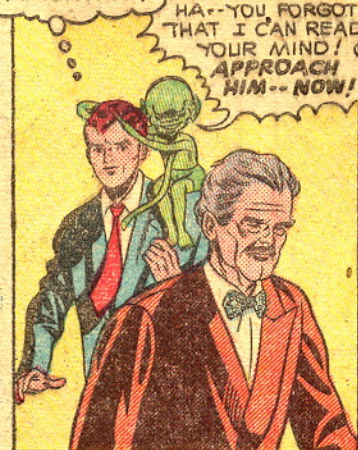


I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY-- BEFORE IT BEGINS TO FEED ON ONE OF MY FRIENDS!

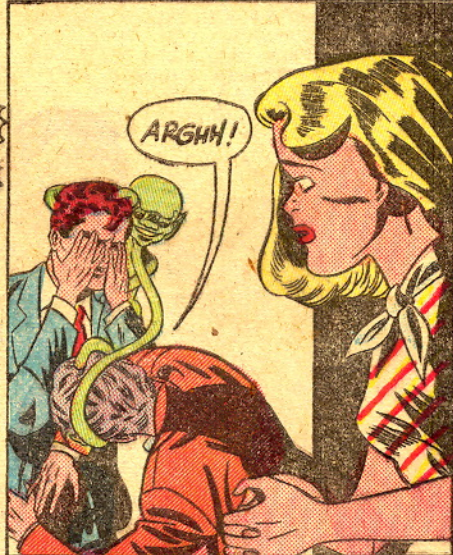
POOR GUY-- THE DOC'S DEATH SEEMS TO HAVE SNAPPED HIS NERVES!

GREAT SCOTT--THERE'S DR. HODGES! I'D BETTER GET AWAY FROM HERE BEFORE THE DEMON DECIDES TO GO AFTER HIM!

HA--YOU FORGOT THAT I CAN READ YOUR MIND! APPROACH HIM-- NOW!



ARGHH!

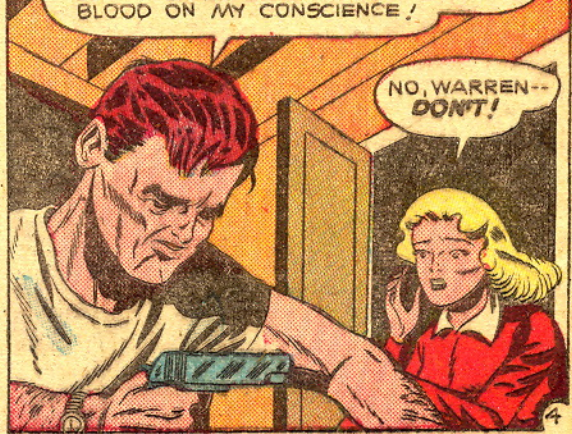


I... I'M GOING TO KILL MYSELF! THAT WOULD KEEP YOU FROM FEEDING ON ANY MORE VICTIMS!

HEH-HEH-- IT WON'T DO ANY GOOD-- I'D JUST ATTACH MYSELF TO ANOTHER HUMAN CARRIER! BUT I'VE FED NOW-- I FEEL MYSELF GETTING SLEEPY-- BECOMING INVISIBLE!

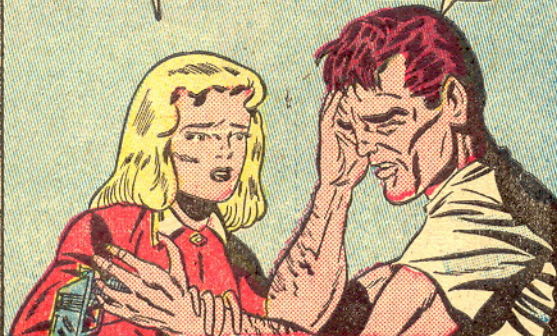
BACK IN WARREN'S ROOM...

I... I CAN'T GO ON BEING RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATHS OF MORE INNOCENT PEOPLE-- NOR BEAR THIS BURDEN OF HORROR AND GUILT ANY LONGER! LET THE DEMON FIND SOME OTHER CARRIER-- BUT AT LEAST I WON'T HAVE ANY MORE BLOOD ON MY CONSCIENCE!



I FOLLOWED YOU FROM THE INQUEST-- AND SAW PROF. HODGES DIE AS SOON AS YOU GOT CLOSE TO HIM! I KNOW YOU'RE NOT A MURDERER-- BUT THERE'S SOME DARK, HORRIBLE SECRET ABOUT ALL THIS-- AND YOU'VE GOT TO TELL ME WHAT IT IS SO WE CAN FACE IT TOGETHER!

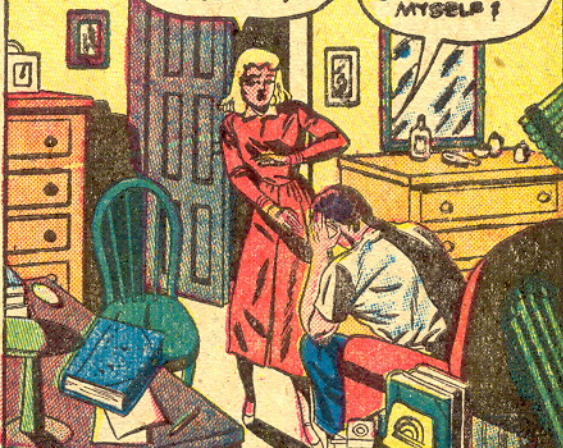
ALL RIGHT, ELLEN-- I FEEL AS IF I'LL GO MAD IF I KEEP IT TO MYSELF MUCH LONGER!



AS THE TALE UNFOLDS...

IT'S INCREDIBLE! AND TO NEVER BELIEVE IT-- IF I COULDN'T FEEL IT ON YOUR SHOULDER!

HOW... HOW ELSE CAN I GET RID OF IT-- EXCEPT BY GETTING RID OF MYSELF?



NO, WARREN-- THAT'S A COWARD'S WAY OUT! YOU'D JUST BE PASSING THE PROBLEM ON TO SOMEONE ELSE-- BECAUSE THE DEMON WOULD FIND ANOTHER CARRIER! THE ONLY CHANCE IS TO DESTROY IT-- BY FINDING OUT WHAT IT MEANT WHEN IT SAID IT WAS ONCE SENT INTO THE LIMBO BY SOME COUNTER-INCANTATION--

AND YOU'RE THE ONE TO DO IT!

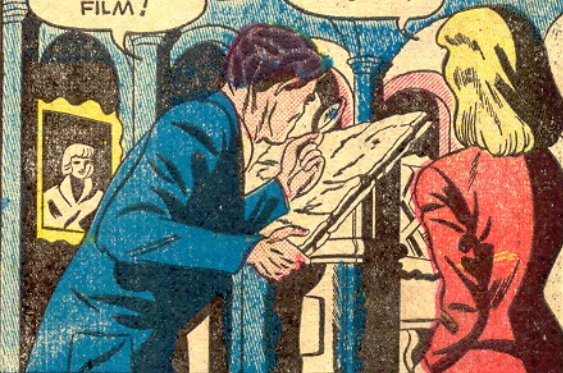
YOU'RE RIGHT! AND THERE'S ONLY ONE POSSIBLE LEAD TO THE COUNTER-INCANTATION-- THE OLD ASTYPAREAN TABLET IN THE UNIVERSITY MUSEUM!



AT THE MUSEUM...

THERE'S A VERY FAINT, ILLEGIBLE INSCRIPTION JUST BELOW THE INCANTATION -- APPARENTLY NO ONE'S EVER NOTICED IT BEFORE! BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO MAKE IT LEGIBLE-- AND THAT'S TO FILL THE TINY IMPRESSIONS WITH RADIOACTIVE DYES AND THEN PHOTOGRAPH THE ENTIRE THING ON FLUOROSCOPIC FILM!

THEN WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR -- LET'S GO!



HOURS LATER...

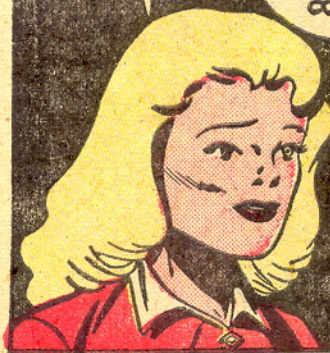
THIS ENLARGED PHOTOGRAPH OF THE INSCRIPTION MAKES IT LEGIBLE NOW! BUT IT TOOK ME MONTHS TO DECIPHER THE OTHER INCANTATION AND LEARN HOW TO PRONOUNCE IT-- AND HEAVEN KNOWS HOW MANY PEOPLE WILL DIE IN THE MONTHS IT'LL TAKE ME TO PRONOUNCE THIS ONE CORRECTLY!

I DON'T THINK IT'LL TAKE YOU THAT LONG, HAVEN'T YOU WONDERED WHY YOU WERE SUDDENLY SO EXPERT AT HANDLING RADIOACTIVE DYES AND FLUOROSCOPIC EQUIPMENT-- WHEN YOU NEVER TOOK A CHEMISTRY OR PHYSICS COURSE IN YOUR LIFE!



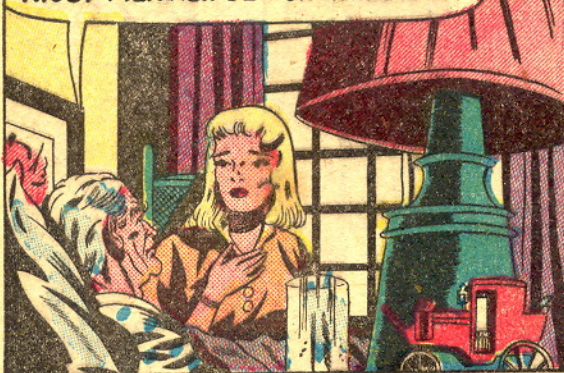
THERE'S ONLY ONE POSSIBLE EXPLANATION-- THAT THE SCIENTIFIC INFORMATION THE DEMON GOT FROM HIS LAST TWO VICTIMS SOMEHOW FILTERED DOWN INTO YOUR BRAIN, SINCE YOU'RE ITS CARRIER! AND THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA-- WHO'S THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORITY ON THE ASTYPAREAN LANGUAGE?

OLD PROFESSOR GAVIN-- BUT HE'S PAST 90, AND REPORTEDLY ON HIS DEATH-BED-- HE COULDN'T POSSIBLY BE OF ANY USE TO US!



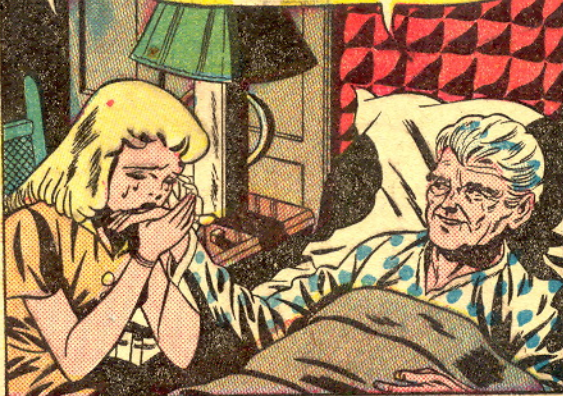
BUT LATER, AT THE HOME OF PROFESSOR GAVIN--

YOUR STORY IS ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE-- BUT I DO RECALL LEGENDS ABOUT SUCH A DEMON! AND IF ONE REALLY DOES EXIST-- **I CAN HELP YOU!** THE DOCTORS HAVE ONLY GIVEN ME A FEW DAYS TO LIVE-- BUT NOW I CAN DIE WITH THE KNOWLEDGE THAT I'M HELPING MANKIND GET RID OF THE **MOST FIENDISH DEMON IN HISTORY!**



OH, PROFESSOR, YOU... YOU'RE SO GOOD!

I'M GLAD TO DO IT-- BUT DON'T LET YOUR YOUNG MAN KNOW! JUST TELL HIM THAT I'M FEELING STRONGER-- AND THAT IF WE POOL OUR KNOWLEDGE, WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO ARRIVE AT THE CORRECT PRONUNCIATION OF THE NEW INCANTATION!



YOU MEAN PROFESSOR GAVIN WILL HELP ME WORK ON THE INSCRIPTION? THAT'S GREAT NEWS! MAYBE THE TWO OF US, WORKING TOGETHER, CAN SUCCEED IN THE LITTLE TIME BEFORE THE DEMON WAKES!



LATE NEXT DAY...

NOW I BELIEVE THIS PART OF THE CUNEIFORM INSCRIPTION IS PRONOUNCED LIKE THIS---



WAIT! THE DEMON-- IT'S AWAKENING! I... I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE-- BEFORE IT STARTS FEEDING ON YOUR RICH MIND, PROFESSOR!



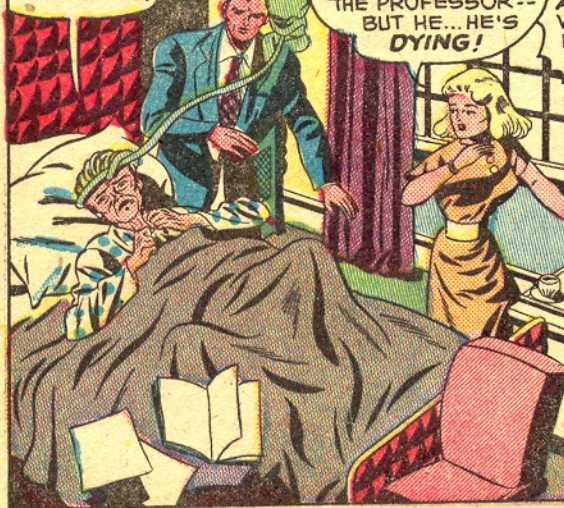
BUT BEFORE WARREN CAN FLEE--

AH, ANOTHER PROMISING VICTIM-- **APPROACH HIM!**

I--HEAR! I--OBEY!

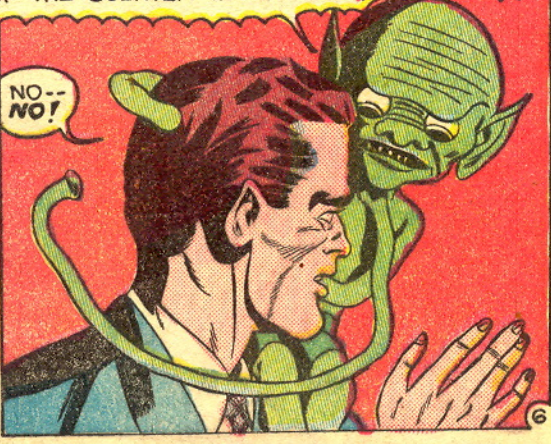


AARGHHH!



I... I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING TOUCHING THE PROFESSOR-- BUT HE... HE'S DYING!

AH, I GAINED MUCH FROM HIS MIND! NOT ONLY GREAT KNOWLEDGE-- BUT THE FACT THAT THERE IS A **PLOT AGAINST ME!** BUT IT WILL NEVER SUCCEED-- I WILL KILL YOU NOW, WARREN STRYKER-- AND PREVENT YOU FROM EVER LEARNING THE SECRET OF THE COUNTER-INCANTATION!

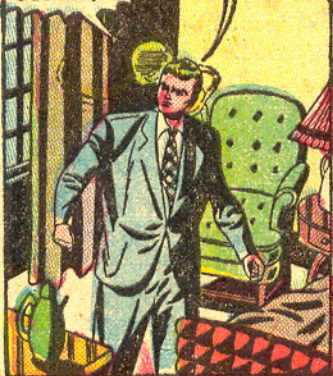


NO-- NO!

BUT IN THE NEXT INSTANT...

NO, YOU'RE SAFE... BUT ONLY FOR THE MOMENT! I HAVE FED-- I'M GROWING SLEEPY-- SLEEPY--

IT'S FALLING ASLEEP! I'M OKAY-- AT LEAST UNTIL IT AWAKES AGAIN!



THE PROFESSOR DIED-- BUT MAYBE NOT IN VAIN! PERHAPS SOME OF HIS KNOWLEDGE MAY FILTER DOWN FROM THE DEMON INTO YOUR BRAIN-- ENOUGH TO ENABLE YOU TO LEARN THE CORRECT PRONUNCIATION OF THE COUNTER-INCANTATION BEFORE THE DEMON WAKES AGAIN!

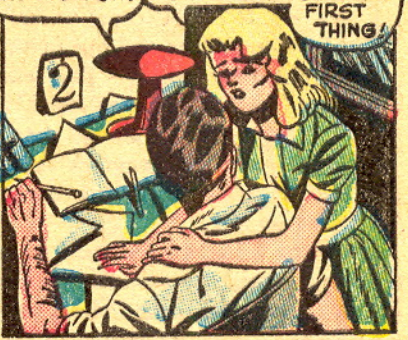
IF... IF ONLY YOU'RE RIGHT, ELLEN-- IF ONLY YOU'RE RIGHT!



AFTER A DAY OF UNCEASING LABOR...

I'M GAINING MORE AND MORE OF THE PROFESSOR'S KNOWLEDGE-- BUT IT'S STILL NOT ENOUGH TO GIVE ME THE KEY TO THE COUNTER-INCANTATION!

DON'T GIVE UP, DARLING! YOU'VE GOT TO KNOW THE CORRECT PRONUNCIATION OF THE INCANTATION BEFORE THE DEMON AWAKES-- BECAUSE IT'S SURE TO FEED ON YOU THE FIRST THING!

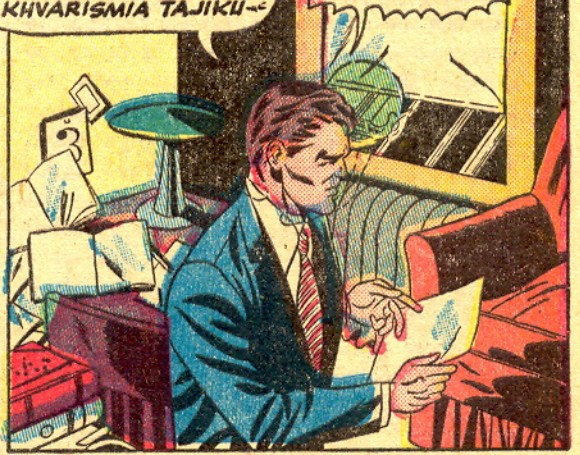


FINALLY...

I'VE GOT IT, ELLEN! EVERYTHING'S FALLEN INTO PLACE-- I'M SURE I KNOW THE CORRECT PRONUNCIATION OF THE COUNTER-INCANTATION NOW!

AND JUST IN TIME, TOO-- BECAUSE I CAN FEEL THE DEMON BEGINNING TO STIR! HERE GOES-- ROZH AKKADI PAIKULI KHVARISMIA TAJIKU--

THE... THE WORDS-- THE SACRED COUNTER-INCANTATION! I MUST STRIKE BEFORE YOU CAN FINISH!



BUT AS THE LAST WORDS OF THE INCANTATION ROLL OFF WARREN'S TONGUE...

--ORMAZD--MUNJANI!

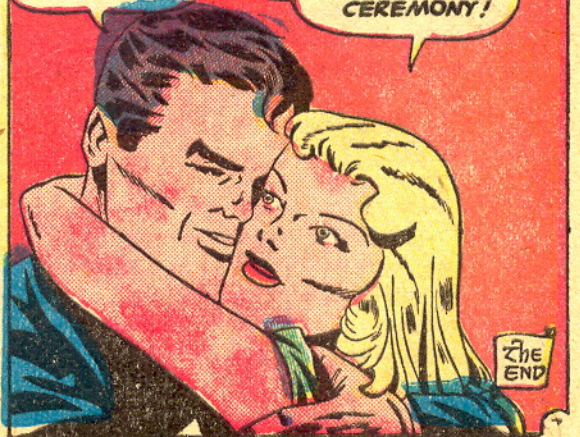
CRACK!

YAAGH!



IT WORKED, DARLING! THE DEMON'S OFF MY SHOULDER-- IT'S BANISHED TO THE LIMBO OF NOTHINGNESS!

AND IT'S GOING TO STAY THERE-- BECAUSE THE ONLY INCANTATION YOU'RE EVER GOING TO RECITE ALOUD AGAIN ARE THE WORDS OF THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY!



THE END

EDITOR



YES, IT'S A fine time for talking things over. Winter's with us again, so what better time to relax and trade ideas on yours and our favorite subject—the Supernatural! So, while the wind wails with a banshee howl, let's lock the door against the things that throng in the night—and get together for the cozy chat we've been promising ourselves for the past month!

One thing we *did* want to tell you about, and that's the remark recently dropped by a friend of ours whom we chanced to meet. "How are things in the supernatural world?" he said, smirking. The expression in his face didn't leave any doubt as to what he was thinking. He was a doubter and scoffer—to him, there was nothing in life but the commonplace. He lacked the imagination to journey, even in fancy, to distant and challenging horizons—to the strange, unknown and forbidden realms peopled by the fascinating beings which have so thrilled you and ourselves. True, we don't claim that such things exist—because we lack the conclusive physical proof demanded by scientists. But what we do say is that there is more in life—and beyond life—than we mortals know. What more challenging, then, than to bring to eager readers everywhere the type of startling stories for which they've been clamoring? That's what we've done in "Adventures Into The Unknown"—and nationwide response reached such propor-

tions as to cause us to issue a new magazine of similar content—"Forbidden Worlds". Obviously, it was what the public wanted, judging from the enthusiastic reaction we received. But it didn't stop there. Our countless thousands of readers clamored for still more, and so—we've done it again! Effective this issue, a great new magazine appears on newsstands everywhere. It's called "Out of The Night". Like its front-ranking companions, "Adventures Into The Unknown" and "Forbidden Worlds", "Out of The Night" concerns itself with gripping exploits into the dark mysteries of the supernatural. You'll find thrilling, gasp-laden tales of midnight terror—strange secrets of the hidden realm that lies beyond the border of physical fact. "Out of The Night" is what you want—designed for you—so don't miss it!

And so, with the issuance of our third great publication, "Adventures Into The Unknown" pledges itself anew to continue its high standards of reader satisfaction—to bring to its public a steady fare of the best and most gripping tales of the mysterious supernatural. For proof, read this current issue—and tell us what you think of it! If you have any suggested improvements, let us hear about them. Address your letter to The Editor, "Adventures Into The Unknown", 43 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y. As for what some of our other readers say, here goes!

"Dear Editor:

A short time ago, I happened to pick up one of your 'Adventures Into The Unknown' comics. I was astounded at the way you could make your stories, featuring fantastic and unearthly creatures, seem so true to life. I've read many a comic, but never have I come across one that appealed to me so much. I especially enjoyed your story, 'The Howling Hunters'. I'd deeply appreciate it if I could obtain back issues, if at all possible. Believe me, I'll be waiting for every future issue!

--Allen Schroeder, West Seneca, N. Y."

"Dear Editor:

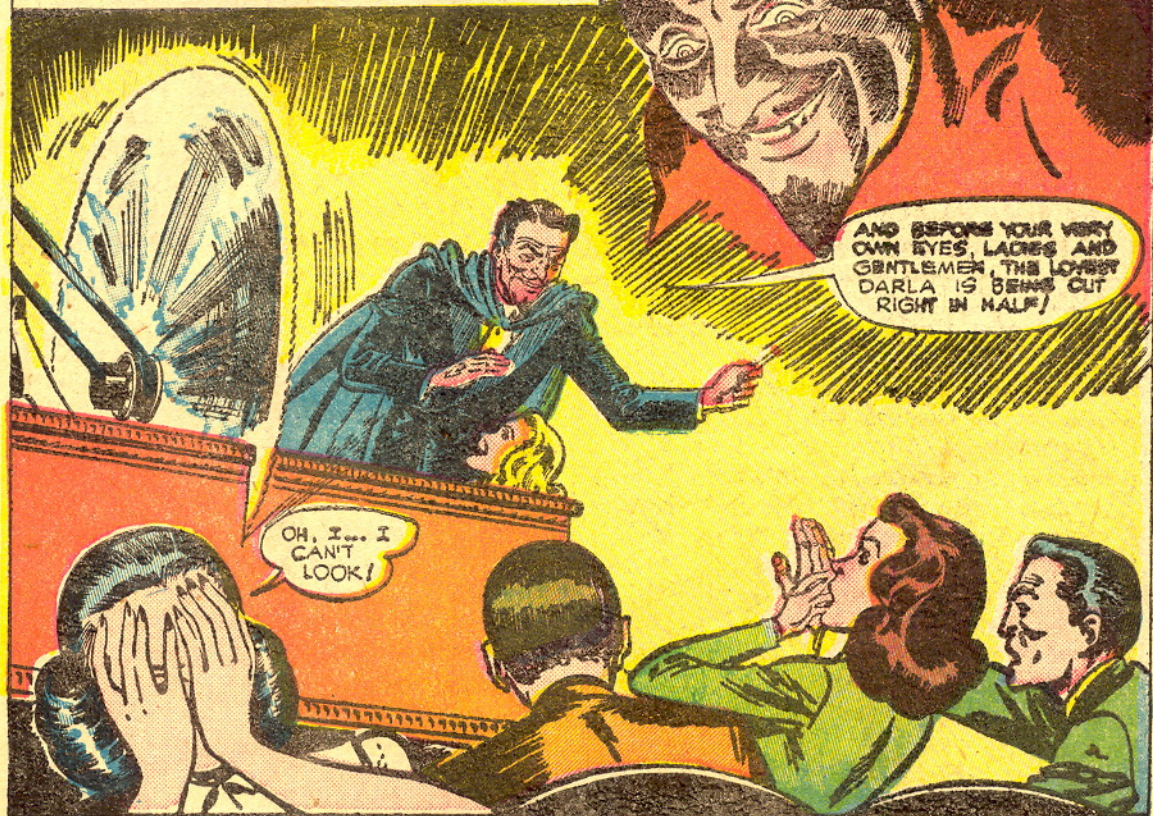
I wish to commend you on the excellent taste with which your stories are written. In the last issue I read, there were two stories I enjoyed so much that I'd like an autographed picture of each of their authors, if such is obtainable. These stories were 'The Portrait Without A Soul' and 'Ghost Writer'. I wish to congratulate and praise your book as the best of its kind.

--Bobby Belcher, Crumpler, W. Va."

Read "Adventures Into The Unknown"—"Forbidden Worlds"—"Out of The Night"

SATAN'S SCEPTRE

MAGICIANS ARE COMMONLY THOUGHT TO POSSESS OCCULT POWERS, AND SOME OF THEM DO TOY WITH THE SUPERNATURAL -- BUT THE SUPERNATURAL IS NOT A THING TO TOY WITH, EXCEPT ON THE PERIL OF DEATH! AND HERE'S A CHILLING PROOF OF THAT -- IN THE EERIE CASE OF SATAN'S SCEPTRE!



AND BEFORE YOUR VERY OWN EYES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE LOVELY DARLA IS BEING CUT RIGHT IN HALF!

OH, I... I CAN'T LOOK!

BUT A MOMENT LATER...

LOOK -- SHE STEPPED OUT OF THE BOX -- SHE'S ALIVE!

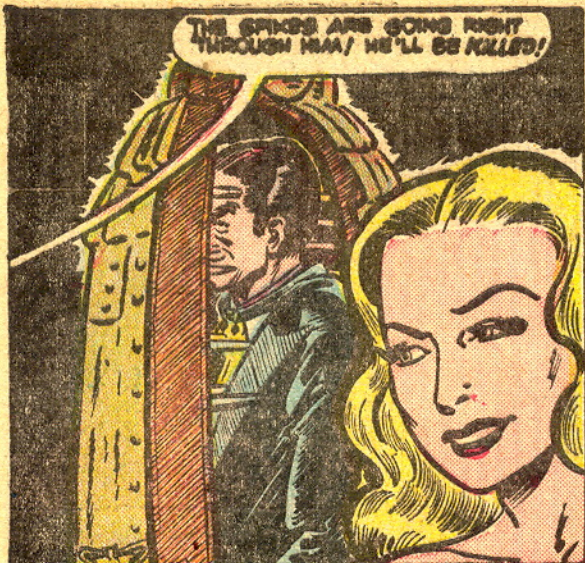
THANK YOU, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! BUT NOW I MYSELF WILL RISK EXCRUCIATING TORTURE IN THE DEATH OF A HUNDRED SPEARS!

'RAY FOR SCOTLAND!



YOU CAN HEAR THE METALLIC SOUND AS I TAP MY WALK AGAINST THE SPIKES OF THE "IRON MAIDEN", USED IN MEDIEVAL TORTURE -- SO THAT YOU WILL KNOW THEY ARE MADE OF IRON, NOT RUBBER! AND NOW I WILL STEP INSIDE THE CASE, DARLA WILL PRESS THE BUTTON THAT CLOSSES THE DOOR AUTOMATICALLY -- AND THE SPIKES WILL PERCH ME THROUGH AND THROUGH!





THE SPIKES ARE GOING RIGHT THROUGH MIA! WE'LL BE KILLED!



BUT MOMENTS LATER, AS ZORTAN WALKS OFF-STAGE, UNSCATHED ---

THE STUPID FOOLS--
APPLAUDING THEIR HEADS--
OFF FOR A MERE
OPTICAL ILLUSION--
A TRICK DONE WITH
MIRRORS!

LET THEM BE FOOLS--
AS LONG AS THEY
PAY GOOD MONEY TO
SEE THE ACT! AND
SPEAKING OF MONEY--
I WANT MY SHARE FOR
THIS WEEK'S RUN-- TWO-
THIRDS OF ALL
YOU GOT!

YAY,
ZORTAN!



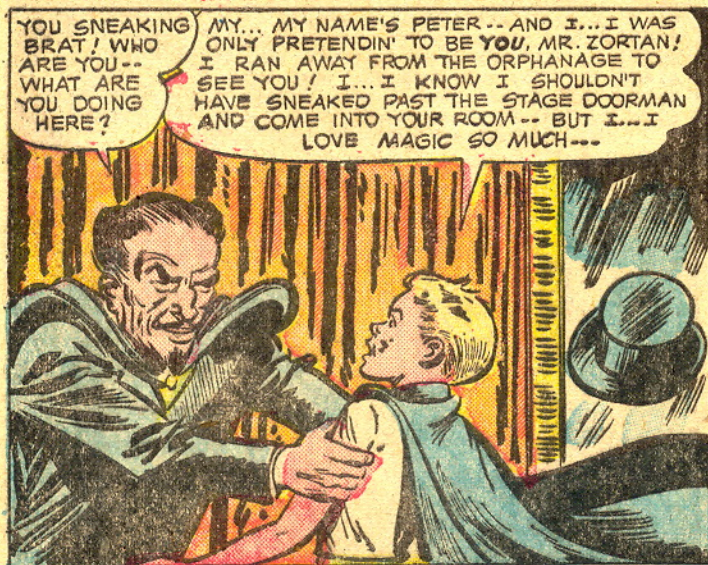
IT'S MY ACT-- I DO ALL
THE WORK-- AND ASSISTANTS
LIKE YOU ARE A DIME A
DOZEN! I'M GOING TO
STOP PAYING YOU THIS
BLASTED BLACKMAIL!

DO YOU WANT ME
TO GO TO THE
POLICE AND TELL
THEM ABOUT A
CERTAIN MURDER
YOU COMMITTED?
YOU'LL PAY-- TO
KEEP ME QUIET!



ALL RIGHT-- COME INTO
MY DRESSING ROOM AND
I'LL PAY YOU ---

ZORTAN--
LOOK!



YOU SNEAKING
BRAT! WHO
ARE YOU--
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
HERE?

MY... MY NAME'S PETER-- AND I... I WAS
ONLY PRETENDIN' TO BE YOU, MR. ZORTAN!
I RAN AWAY FROM THE ORPHANAGE TO
SEE YOU! I... I KNOW I SHOULDN'T
HAVE SNEAKED PAST THE STAGE DOORMAN
AND COME INTO YOUR ROOM-- BUT I... I
LOVE MAGIC SO MUCH---



HMM, THAT'S DIFFERENT! SO YOU'D
LIKE TO BE A MAGICIAN, EH?
WELL, I'VE BEEN LOOKING AROUND
FOR A KID LIKE YOU FOR A LONG
TIME! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO
BE MY ASSISTANT AND HELP ME
OUT WITH MY ACT?

GOLLY! I...
I'D LOVE
THAT, MR.
ZORTAN!



I'M GONNA BE MR. ZORTAN'S ASSISTANT!

WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

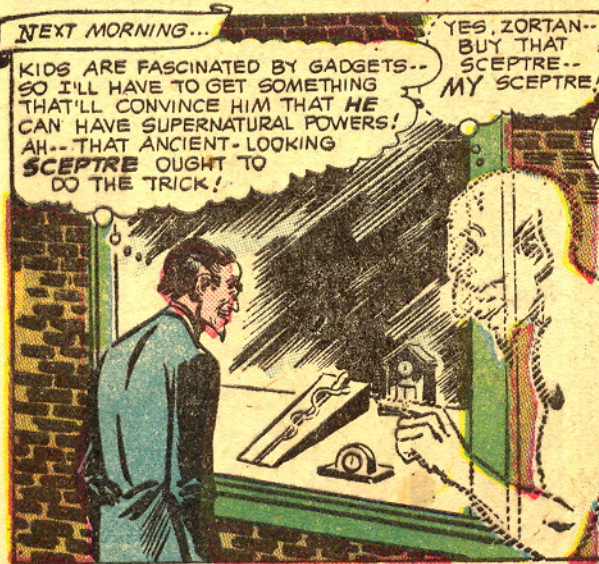
HE'LL HELP US WITH THE PROPS, RUN OUR ERRANDS, PRACTICALLY BE OUR SERVANT-- AND HE WON'T COST US A CENT!



LATER, IN THE EMPTY THEATRE...

GOSH, YOU MEAN THESE MIRRORS ARE YOUR PROPS? I... I THOUGHT YOU WERE A REAL MAGICIAN!

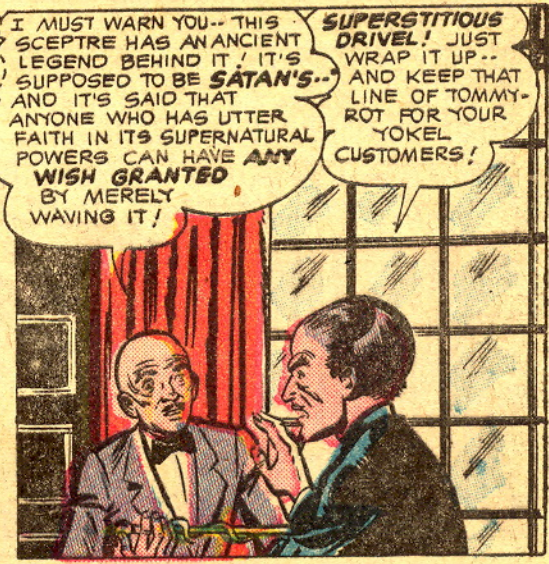
OF COURSE I'M A REAL MAGICIAN, PETE! THESE MIRRORS ARE JUST TO FOOL THE MANAGEMENT AND STAGE-HANDS-- BECAUSE THEY'D BE AFRAID OF SOMEONE WHO REALLY HAD SUPERNATURAL POWERS!



NEXT MORNING...

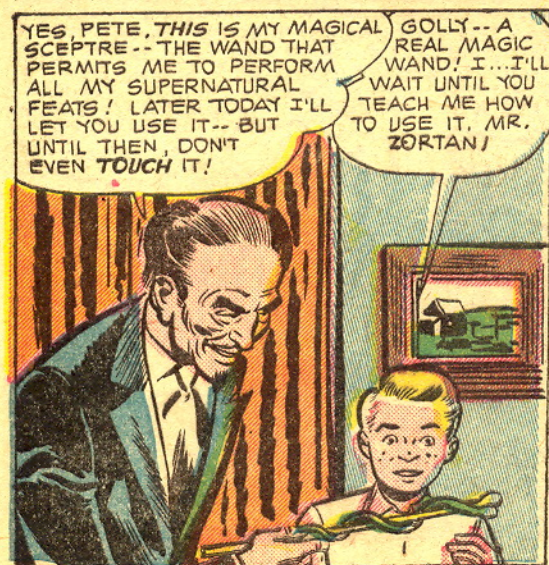
KIDS ARE FASCINATED BY GADGETS-- SO I'LL HAVE TO GET SOMETHING THAT'LL CONVINCE HIM THAT HE CAN HAVE SUPERNATURAL POWERS! AH-- THAT ANCIENT-LOOKING SCEPTRE OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK!

YES, ZORTAN-- BUY THAT SCEPTRE-- MY SCEPTRE!



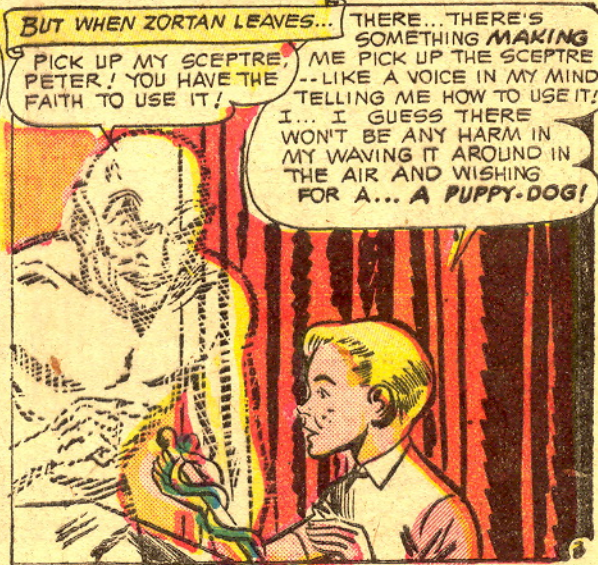
I MUST WARN YOU-- THIS SCEPTRE HAS AN ANCIENT LEGEND BEHIND IT! IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE SATAN'S-- AND IT'S SAID THAT ANYONE WHO HAS UTTER FAITH IN ITS SUPERNATURAL POWERS CAN HAVE ANY WISH GRANTED BY MERELY WAVING IT!

SUPERSTITIOUS DRIVEL! JUST WRAP IT UP-- AND KEEP THAT LINE OF TOMMY-ROT FOR YOUR YOKEL CUSTOMERS!



YES, PETE, THIS IS MY MAGICAL SCEPTRE-- THE WAND THAT PERMITS ME TO PERFORM ALL MY SUPERNATURAL FEATS! LATER TODAY I'LL LET YOU USE IT-- BUT UNTIL THEN, DON'T EVEN TOUCH IT!

GOLLY-- A REAL MAGIC WAND! I... I'LL WAIT UNTIL YOU TEACH ME HOW TO USE IT, MR. ZORTAN!

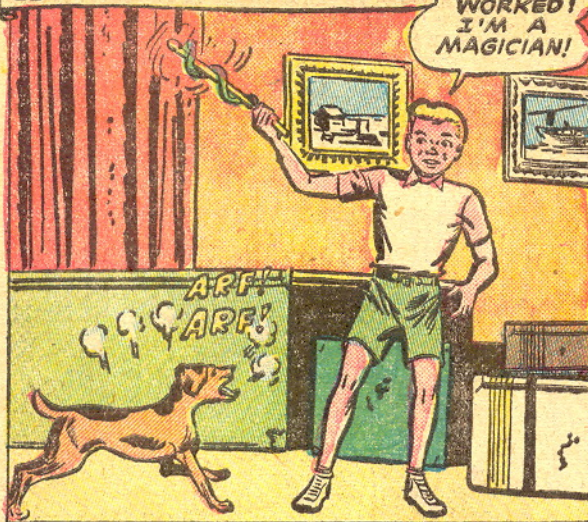


BUT WHEN ZORTAN LEAVES... PICK UP MY SCEPTRE, PETER! YOU HAVE THE FAITH TO USE IT!

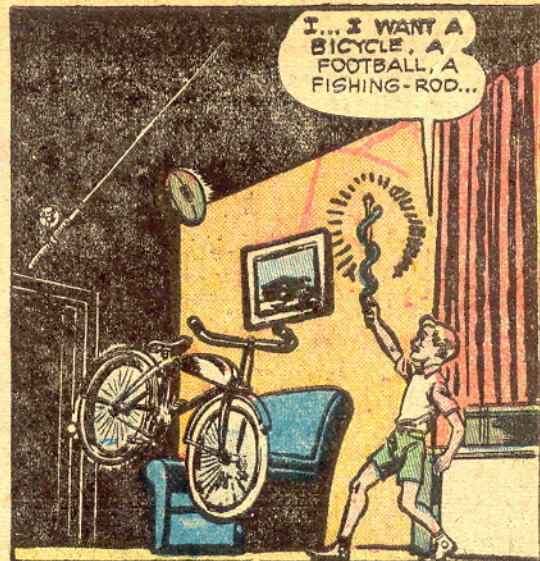
THERE... THERE'S SOMETHING MAKING ME PICK UP THE SCEPTRE --LIKE A VOICE IN MY MIND TELLING ME HOW TO USE IT! I... I GUESS THERE WON'T BE ANY HARM IN MY WAVING IT AROUND IN THE AIR AND WISHING FOR A... A PUPPY-DOG!

AS PETER COMPLETES HIS WISH...

IT... IT
WORKED!
I'M A
MAGICIAN!

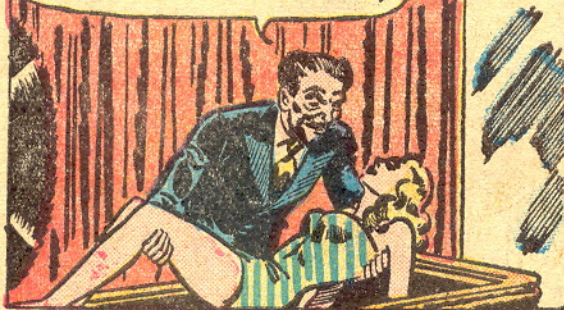


I... I WANT A
BICYCLE, A
FOOTBALL, A
FISHING-ROD...



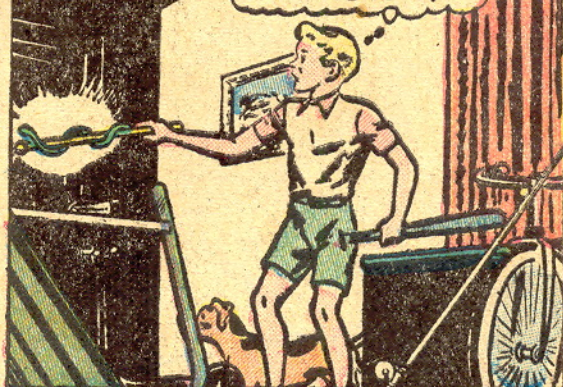
MEANWHILE, ON THE STAGE OF THE
DESERTED THEATER...

HA-- THAT DRUG I SLIPPED INTO HER COFFEE
CERTAINLY KNOCKED HER OUT! NOW ALL I HAVE
TO DO IS PERSUADE THE KID THAT HE CAN
THROW THE SWITCH THAT WILL CUT DARLA IN
HALF-- AND THAT HE CAN MAKE HER WHOLE
AGAIN WITH THE AID OF THE WAND, BUT THIS
TIME SHE WILL BE KILLED! I'LL BE RID OF
A BLACKMAILER-- AND THE KID WILL BE
BLAMED FOR HER DEATH!



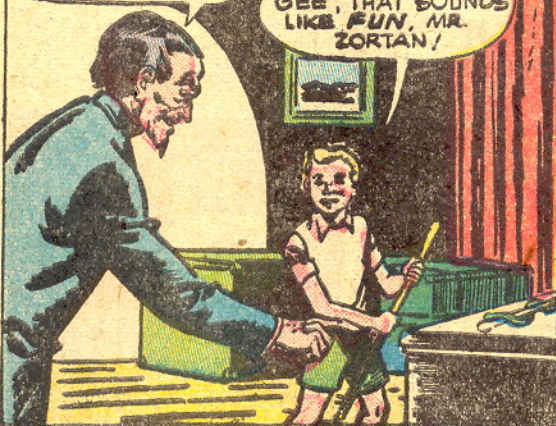
MINUTES LATER...

OH-OH, I HEAR SOMEONE
COMING-- IT MUST BE MR.
ZORTAN! I... I'D BETTER
WISH FOR ALL THESE THINGS
TO DISAPPEAR, AND THEN
PUT THE WAND DOWN-- SO
HE WON'T KNOW I'VE
BEEN USING IT!



ALL RIGHT, PETER-- YOU'RE GOING TO USE THE
SCEPTRE NOW! DARLA HAS AGREED TO LET
YOU SAW HER IN HALF-- AND AFTER YOU
FINISH, YOU CAN WAVE THE SCEPTRE AND
COMMAND HER TO BE WHOLE AGAIN-- AND
SHE WILL BE!

GEE, THAT SOUNDS
LIKE FUN, MR.
ZORTAN!

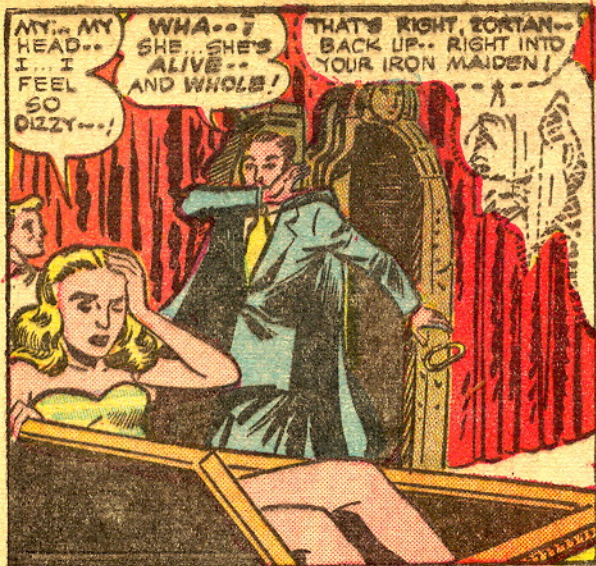


MINUTES LATER...

HA-- THE SAW HAS CUT THROUGH
HER COMPLETELY-- AND THIS
TIME IT WASN'T DONE BY
MIRRORS! SHE'S DEAD--
I'M RID OF HER!

WELL, I GUESS
IT'S TIME TO
WAVE THE
SCEPTRE AND
MAKE HER
WHOLE AGAIN!--
RISE UP, DARLA!
COME BACK
TO LIFE!





MY... MY HEAD... I... I FEEL SO DIZZY...

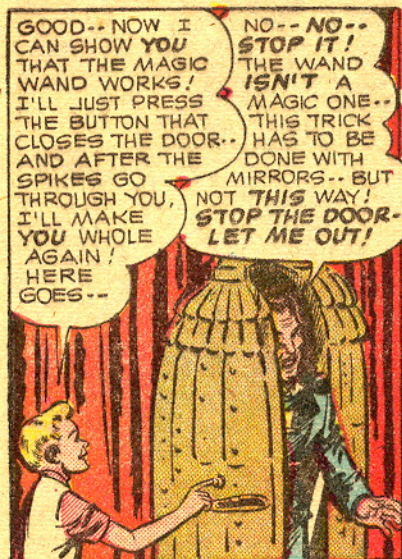
WHA...? SHE... SHE'S ALIVE... AND WHOLE!

THAT'S RIGHT, ZORTAN-- BACK UP-- RIGHT INTO YOUR IRON MAIDEN!



OF COURSE SHE'S ALIVE AND WHOLE! WHY ARE YOU SO SURPRISED, MR. ZORTAN? THE MAGIC WAND DID IT!

NO, IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN THE WAND!... OH, BLAST IT, I BACKED UP RIGHT INTO ONE OF THESE SPIKES... MY JACKET'S CAUGHT!



GOOD-- NOW I CAN SHOW YOU THAT THE MAGIC WAND WORKS! I'LL JUST PRESS THE BUTTON THAT CLOSES THE DOOR-- AND AFTER THE SPIKES GO THROUGH YOU, I'LL MAKE YOU WHOLE AGAIN! HERE GOES--

NO-- NO-- STOP IT! THE WAND ISN'T A MAGIC ONE-- THIS TRICK CLOSES THE DOOR-- AND AFTER THE SPIKES GO THROUGH YOU, I'LL MAKE YOU WHOLE AGAIN! HERE GOES--



IT... IT ISN'T A MAGIC WAND? THEN ALL YOUR TRICKS ARE FAKES?

HELP-- STOP THE... YAAAGHHH!



THE... THE WAND DOESN'T WORK ANY MORE-- IT DIDN'T MAKE HIM ALIVE AGAIN!

OF COURSE NOT-- IT DOESN'T WORK FOR THOSE WHO DON'T HAVE COMPLETE FAITH IN ITS POWERS! HA-- BUT NOW I HAVE GAINED MY END-- THE BLACK EVIL SOUL OF ZORTAN-- A PRIZE FOR MY COLLECTION!



HE... HE LIED TO ME-- THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS SUPERNATURAL POWERS! I... I'LL GO BACK TO THE ORPHANAGE-- I DON'T WANT TO BE A PHONY MAGICIAN-- AND I DON'T WANT THIS DIRTY OLD PIECE OF WOOD ANYMORE!

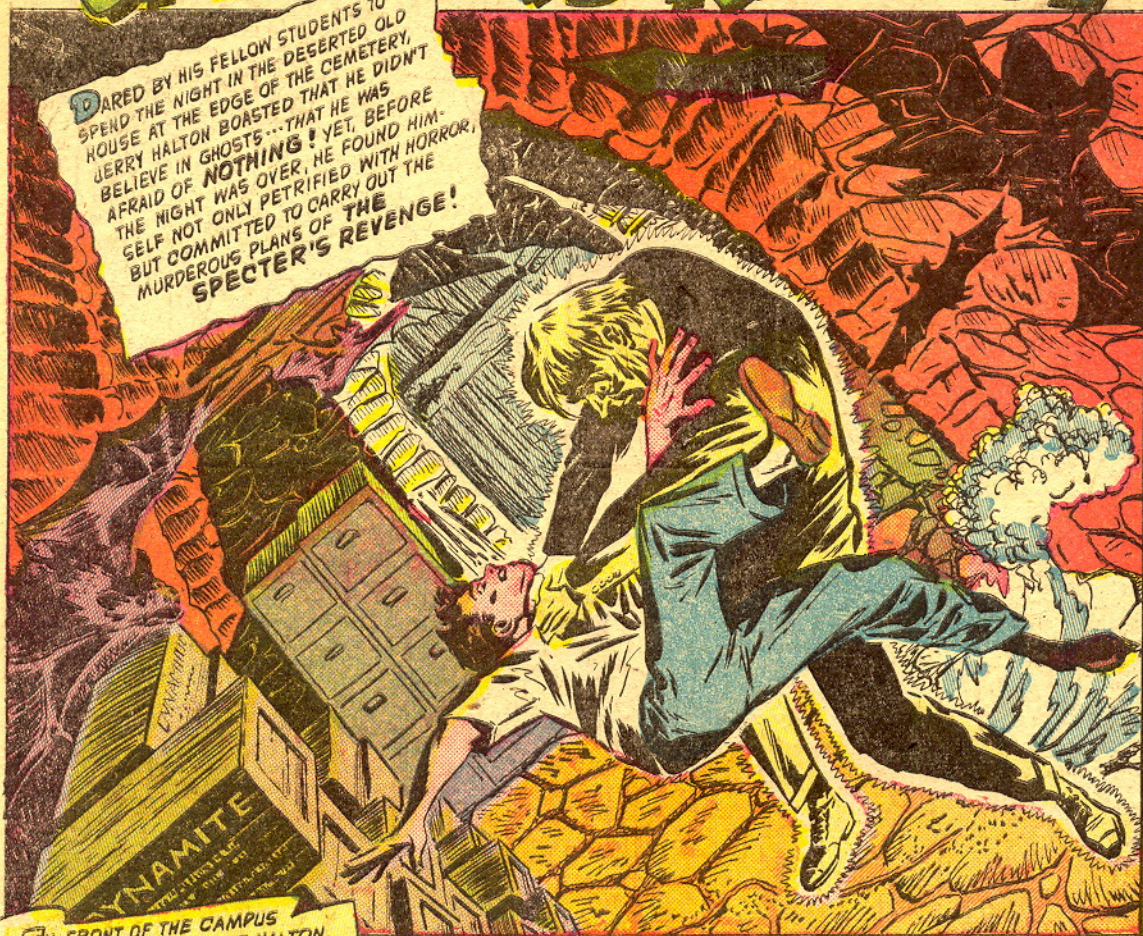


BUT THAT DIRTY OLD PIECE OF WOOD IS INDESTRUCTIBLE-- SO THAT SOMEWHERE, SOMEONE MUST HAVE IT IN HIS POSSESSION-- COULD IT BE IN THAT CURIO SHOP WINDOW YOU PASSED YESTERDAY-- OR IS IT IN YOUR BACKYARD OR ATTIC? IF IT IS-- YOU'LL BE SEEING ME-- SOONER THAN YOU THINK!

THE END

The SPECTER'S REVENGE

DARED BY HIS FELLOW STUDENTS TO SPEND THE NIGHT IN THE DESERTED OLD HOUSE AT THE EDGE OF THE CEMETERY, JERRY HALTON BOASTED THAT HE DIDN'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS... THAT HE WAS AFRAID OF **NOTHING**! YET, BEFORE THE NIGHT WAS OVER, HE FOUND HIMSELF NOT ONLY PETRIFIED WITH HORROR, BUT COMMITTED PLANS OF THE **SPECTER'S REVENGE!**



IN FRONT OF THE CAMPUS STATUE OF BENEDICT J. HALTON, FOUNDER OF HALTON UNIVERSITY...

LISTEN, GUYS, IT'S HIGH TIME WE PROVED TO JERRY HALTON THAT HE'S NO BETTER THAN WE ARE!

YEAH, JUST BECAUSE HIS GRANDFATHER FOUNDED THE UNIVERSITY AND HIS OLD MAN IS PRESIDENT, JERRY THINKS HE'S KING OF THE CAMPUS!

MAYBE IF WE **DID** DISTURB THE OLD BOY'S ASHES, JERRY'S GRANDFATHER WOULD COME BACK AND DO SOMETHING ABOUT HIS CONCEITED GRANDSON!

WAIT... I'VE GOT A **REAL IDEA!** LISTEN...

LATER...

SAY, JERRY, WE'LL BET FIFTY BUCKS YOU DON'T HAVE NERVE ENOUGH TO SPEND THE NIGHT IN THAT OLD HOUSE IN THE CEMETERY!

IT'S A BET! I'M NOT AFRAID OF **ANYTHING**... AND I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS! I'LL STAY THERE ALL NIGHT AND HAVE A GOOD SLEEP!

THAT'S WHAT **YOU** THINK!

HERE LIES MY DUST
DISTURB IT NOT
FOR IF YE DO
RETURN I MUST.



**THAT VERY NIGHT, AS PALE MOON-
LIGHT SHEDS AN EERIE GLOW OVER
THE OLD ABANDONED HOUSE AT THE
EDGE OF THE CEMETERY---**

PEOPLE SAY THAT TERRIBLE THINGS
GO ON IN THAT HOUSE AT MIDNIGHT,
JERRY! MAYBE YOU'D BETTER TURN
BACK!

IF YOU THINK YOU CAN
FRIGHTEN ME, YOU'RE
WASTING
YOUR
TIME!



**BUT, DESPITE HIS BRAVADO, JERRY'S
HEART BEATS FASTER AS HIS LANTERN
CASTS FLICKERING SHADOWS THAT
SUGGEST THE SHAPES OF MONSTROUS
EVIL WITHIN THE RAMSHACKLE BUILD-
ING---**

SURE IS DARK AND
MUSTY IN HERE---LIKE
A TOMB! AND GRAVE-
DIGGERS' SHOVELS---
BRRR!



THEN, WITHIN THE COBBLEBED GLOOM---

THINK I'LL LEAVE THE LANTERN
BURNING AND KEEP MY KNIFE
HANDY---IN---IN CASE THERE
ARE ANY VICIOUS RATS
AROUND!



**A DISTANT CHURCH BELL TOLLS THE HOURS AWAY LIKE THE
KNELL OF DOOM ITSELF---WHILE THE CREAKING FLOOR-
BOARDS AND THE WIND MOANING THROUGH THE SHATTERED
WINDOWS PREVENT ALL THOUGHT OF SLEEP! THEN, AT THE
STROKE OF MIDNIGHT---**

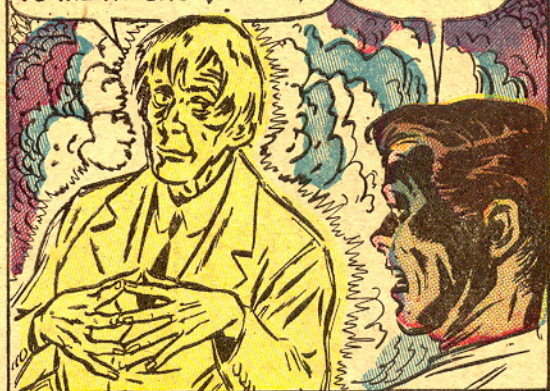
SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG WITH
THE LANTERN---THE WHOLE ROOM'S
FULL OF SMOKE! WHAT---WHAT'S THAT
OVER THERE---THAT SHAPE? IS IT
MY IMAGINATION---OR IS
IT SOMETHING MOVING
---SOMETHING
ALIVE?



**SUDDENLY---LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF A DEMON'S
NIGHTMARE---**

AH---YOU HAVE COME
TO ME AT LAST, JERRY!

WHO---OR
---OR WHAT
---ARE YOU?



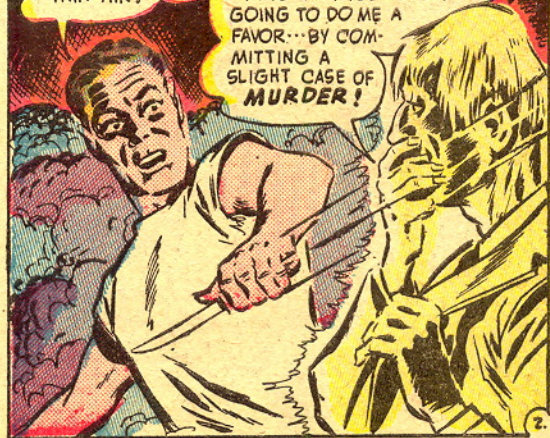
I AM YOUR UNCLE JOHN, JERRY
---YOUR FATHER'S BROTHER
WHO DISGRADED THE
FAMILY!

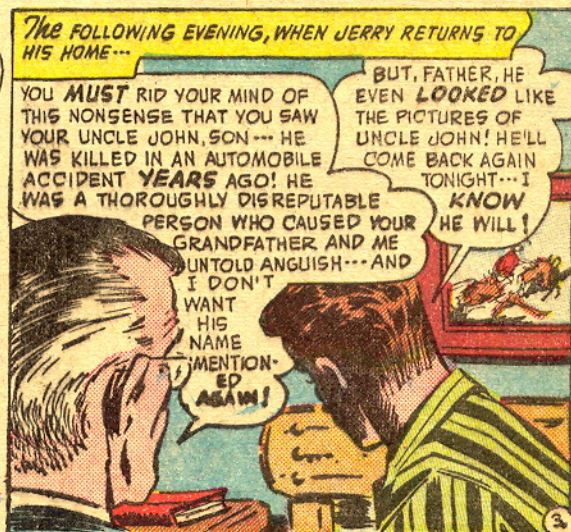
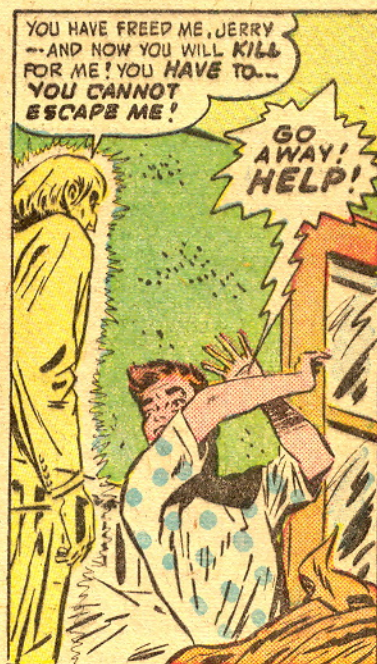
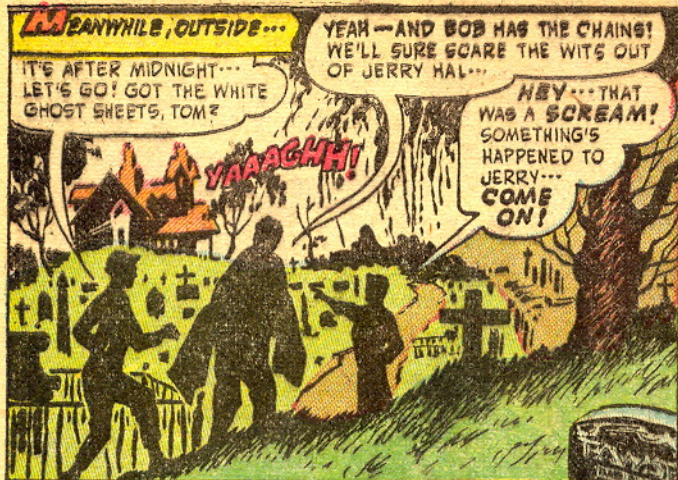
YOU--- YOU
CAN'T BE! UNCLE
JOHN DIED BEFORE
I WAS BORN! BUT
WHATEVER YOU
ARE, I--- I'LL
DRIVE YOU
AWAY!



MY---MY KNIFE
---IT PASSED
RIGHT THROUGH
YOU---AS IF THROUGH
THIN AIR!

OF COURSE, NEPHEW---I'M A
BODILESS SPECTER! DON'T
TRY TO RESIST ME---YOU AND I
ARE GOING TO BE GOOD
FRIENDS! YOU'RE EVEN
GOING TO DO ME A
FAVOR---BY COM-
MITTING A
SLIGHT CASE OF
MURDER!







DON'T BE RIDICULOUS---THERE ARE NO SUCH THINGS AS SPECTERS AND GHOSTS! BUT IF IT WILL MAKE YOU FEEL ANY BETTER, I'LL SIT HERE ALL NIGHT---NOW GO TO SLEEP, JERRY!



AS MID-NIGHT STRIKES AND JERRY'S FATHER DROPS OFF TO SLEEP...

OH! YOU AGAIN!

I TOLD YOU YOU COULD NOT ESCAPE ME, JERRY! NOW YOU WILL HELP ME GET MY REVENGE...MY LONG-AWAITED REVENGE...ON YOUR FATHER!

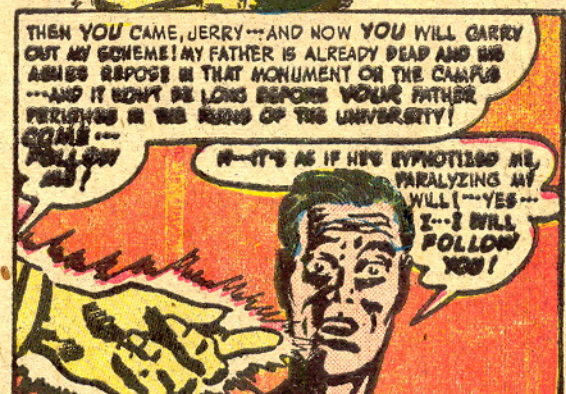
IN A VOICE DRIPPING WITH DEMONICAL MATED...



WE WENT TO THIS COLLEGE TOGETHER, YOUR FATHER AND I--- BUT HE WAS A BRILLIANT STUDENT, WHILE I WAS THE BLACK-SHEEP! I DRANK AND FORGED CHECKS AND GOT AWAY WITH IT BECAUSE I WAS THE PRESIDENT'S SON! BUT ONE NIGHT I NEEDED MONEY, AND YOUR FATHER CAUGHT ME IN THE ACT OF BREAKING INTO THE COLLEGE GAFS! HE EXPOSED ME, GOT ME EXPELLED---AND I SWORE I WOULD GET REVENGE ON HIM SOME DAY!



YES, I SWORE I WOULD DESTROY HIM AND MY FATHER AND THE WHOLE UNIVERSITY! BUT BEFORE I COULD CARRY OUT MY PLAN, I MET DEATH IN AN AUTO CRASH--- AND I WAS BURIED IN THE CEMETERY NEARBY AS A SPOOK. I COULDN'T BRING MY VENGEANCE---I COULD ONLY WAIT, HOPING THAT SOME DAY A BLOOD RELATIVE WOULD COME TO THE CEMETERY AT MIDNIGHT! THAT WAS THE ONLY THING THAT COULD MAKE ME MATERIALIZE AND RISE FROM MY GRAVE!

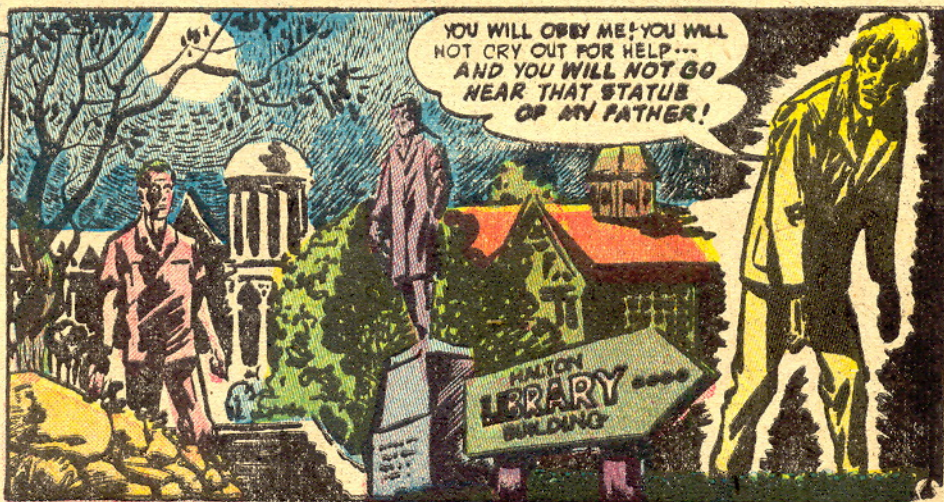


THEN YOU CAME, JERRY---AND NOW YOU WILL CARRY OUT MY GOWEME! MY FATHER IS ALREADY DEAD AND HIS ASHES REPOSE IN THAT MONUMENT ON THE CAMPUS---AND IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE YOUR FATHER PERISHES IN THE RUINS OF THE UNIVERSITY!

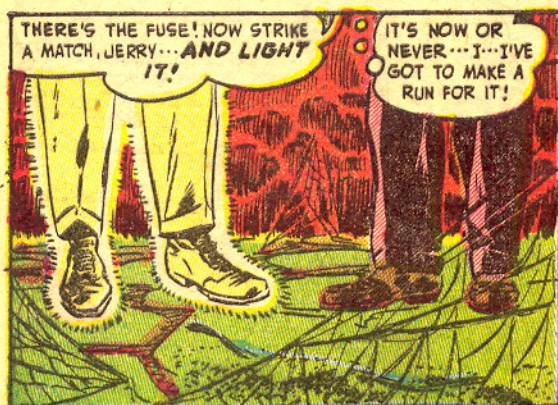
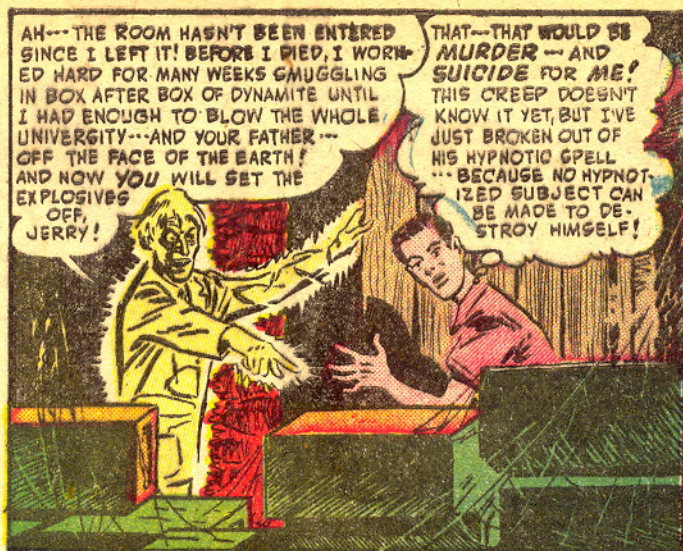
IT'S AS IF HE'S HYPNOTIZED ME, PARALYZING MY WILL!--YES-- I--I WILL FOLLOW YOU!



NUMB WITH TERROR AND POWERLESS TO RESIST, JERRY IS LED OUT TO THE DESERTED CAMPUS---

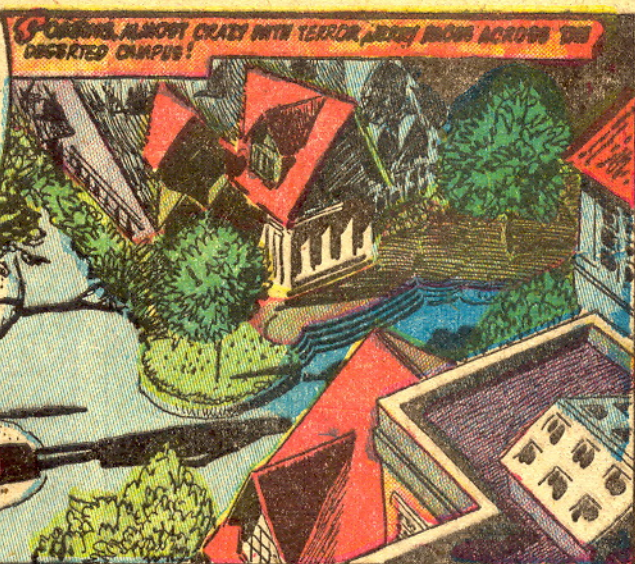


YOU WILL OBEY ME! YOU WILL NOT CRY OUT FOR HELP--- AND YOU WILL NOT GO NEAR THAT STATUE OF MY FATHER!





RUN, JERRY... I'LL SPARE YOUR LIFE FOR HELPING ME! BUT IF YOU HAVE ANY IDEA OF WAKING UP YOUR FATHER... THERE WON'T BE TIME!



SCREAMING ALMOST CRAZY WITH TERROR, JERRY RUSHES ACROSS THE DESERTED CAMPUS!

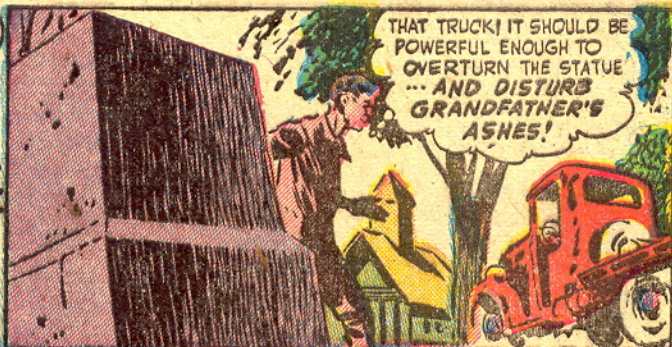


IF... ONLY SOMEBODY COULD HELP ME STOP THIS AWFUL THING FROM HAPPENING!

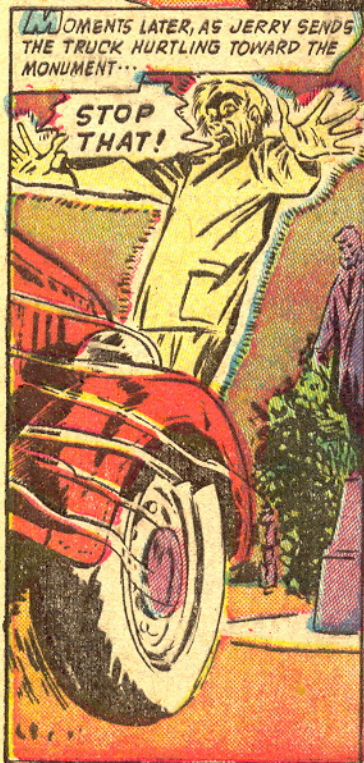


WAIT... GRANDFATHER MUST HAVE HAD SOME REASON FOR WANTING THOSE WORDS CARVED ON HIS MONUMENT! IF HE COULD COME BACK... REALLY COME BACK...!

HERE LIES MY DUST, DISTURB IT NOT, FOR IF YE DO, RETURN I MUST.



THAT TRUCK! IT SHOULD BE POWERFUL ENOUGH TO OVERTURN THE STATUE... AND DISTURB GRANDFATHER'S ASHES!



MOMENTS LATER, AS JERRY SENDS THE TRUCK HURLING TOWARD THE MONUMENT...

STOP THAT!

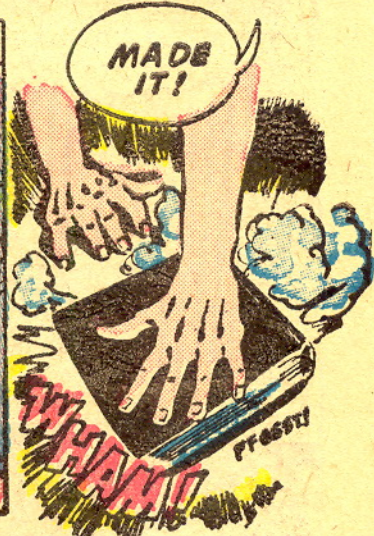


SO... YOU WANTED TO BRING YOUR GRANDFATHER'S SPIRIT BACK BY DISTURBING HIS DUST, EH? WELL... IT WON'T HAPPEN!



HE WAS TOO LATE... IT DID HAPPEN!

CRASH



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OUT OF the
NIGHT

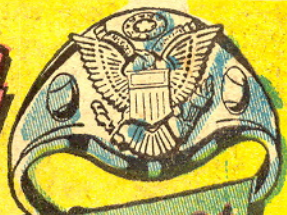
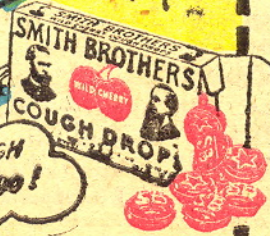
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Out-of-this-World POKER

AWAKE, HUMANI!" ROARED Sirzim, King of the Outer Universe.

Nick Halliday groaned and put a shaky hand to his throbbing head. The last thing he remembered was that he'd been sitting in at his nightly poker game at the Ace-High Casino; he'd been winning, as usual, and he'd just been about to bluff his way into a pot with a pair of deuces when... poof...blackout! He could remember nothing else.

Slowly, painfully, Nick opened his eyes... and promptly closed them again. He couldn't have seen those four incredible creatures leering down at him. One had had a lizard's face atop an ape-like body; another had had four slimy tentacles sprouting from a blank, featureless ovoid that resembled a monstrous egg; a third had...but why go on? It was only a nightmare, Nick decided...but wait...he never had nightmares!

Thoroughly awake now, his cool gambler's mind assessing and weighing all the probabilities, Nick opened his eyes again...and kept them open.

"Ah, you have revived," said Akor-nab, King of the Third Astral Confederation.

"Ha, it is no wonder that you look at us so strangely, human," chortled Tortha-karf, King of the Allied Solar Systems. "But we shall explain your presence here in the gaming room of the Inter-Universal Palace. You see, a few hours ago as you humans reckon time, an exploratory space-patrol ship of the Inter-Universal fleet discovered a remote planet called *Earth* by its inhabitants. Instantly, the ship's mind-probing machines were switched on, learning the languages and habits of your fellow humans, and then..."

"And then," interrupted Dhergabar, King of the Galactic League, "a grappling beam was sent out to pick up a single human who was exceptionally gifted in the planet's games of skill and chance...and that human happened to be you, Nick Halliday!"

"Yes," added King Sirzim, "and since I and each of my fellow kings have had an

opportunity to read your mind while you were in the teleportation trance, we now know the rules of all the games you are familiar with...and we will play a single game of your choice...with the planet *Earth* as the stakes!"

"You see," put in King Akor-nab, "we kings of the Inter-Universes abolished war many aeons ago, for our weapons are so destructive that war would mean suicide for all. Instead, when any new planet or world is discovered, we play a game for it...with the winner being entitled to wipe out the planet's entire native population, and to resettle it with members of his own kingdom. But we always include one member of the new planet's population in the game...just for sport. But we warn you...no outsider has ever beaten us, thanks to our ability to read minds!"

"For that reason," chuckled King Dhergabar, "it would be foolish for you to attempt to bluff, as you put it in your language...because we will know your hand the moment you look at it. Now then, here are the pasteboards called *cards* which were in your possession when you were picked up...which game do you choose?"

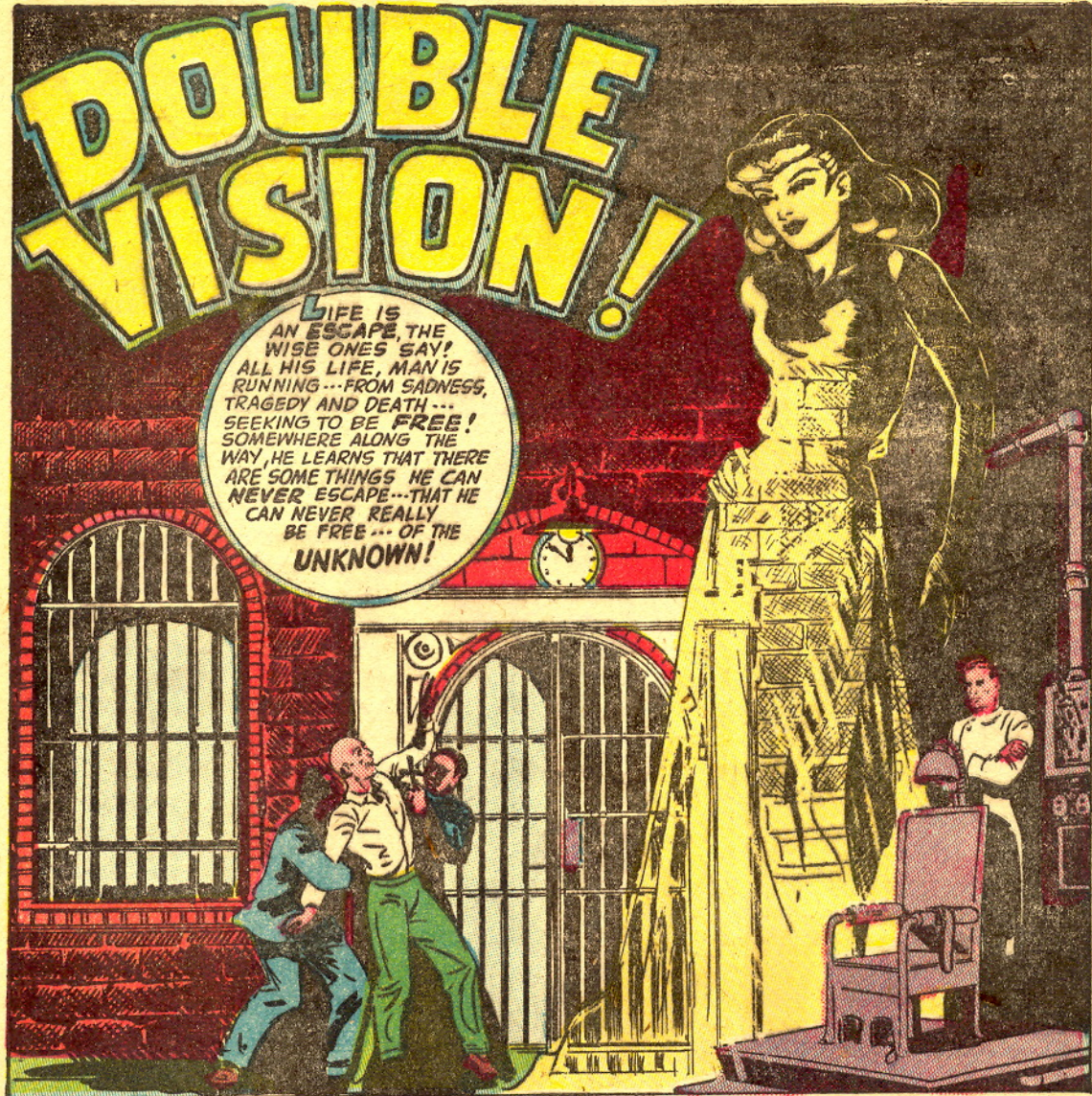
Nick shrugged coolly, his gambler's mind having already accepted the fantastic situation. "Draw poker," he said.

A minute later, Nick glanced down through slitted eyes at the cards he'd been dealt...and then grinned up at his opponents. "Four kings," he thought. "Try to beat that, you buzzards."

His opponents read his mind, saw that he actually had seen four kings...and each of them threw away good hands, trying desperately for the straight flush that would beat Nick's hand. None of them made it, and all conceded that Nick had won. But on the way back to the earth he had saved, Nick grinningly thought of the puny pair of deuces he'd had...for the four kings he'd seen had been four *live* kings...his opponents!

DOUBLE VISION!

LIFE IS AN ESCAPE, THE WISE ONES SAY! ALL HIS LIFE, MAN IS RUNNING... FROM SADNESS, TRAGEDY AND DEATH... SEEKING TO BE **FREE!** SOMEWHERE ALONG THE WAY, HE LEARNS THAT THERE ARE SOME THINGS HE CAN NEVER ESCAPE... THAT HE CAN NEVER REALLY BE FREE... OF THE **UNKNOWN!**



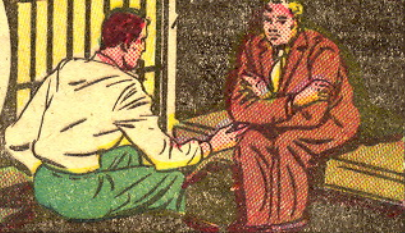
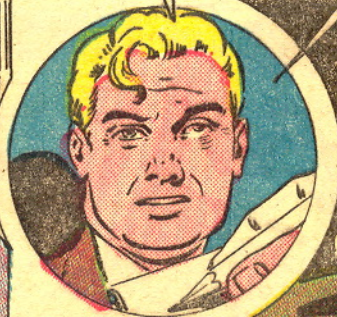
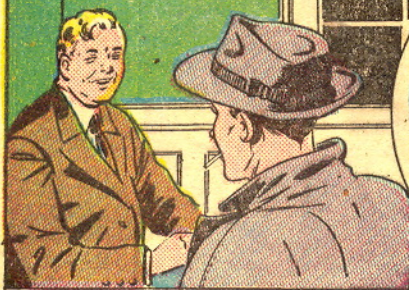
LOOKING FOR ANOTHER STORY, BOB?

SOMETHING **DIFFERENT** THIS TIME, WARDEN! TRY TO KEEP **FATE** OUT OF IT... THESE LAST MILERS HAVE ONLY **THEMSELVES** TO BLAME!

THINK SO, BOB? CALL IT **FATE**... **THE UNKNOWN**... CALL IT ANYTHING YOU WANT... BUT IT FORCED GENE THOMAS RIGHT INTO THE ARMS OF THE **ELECTRIC CHAIR!**

HERE'S YOUR STORY... IN GENE THOMAS' OWN WORDS...

WARDEN, I DON'T EXPECT YOU TO BELIEVE ME! I **WAS** GUILTY... AND I KNOW IT! BUT **PLEASE**, JUST LISTEN TO ME... HEAR ME OUT... **BEFORE I DIE!**

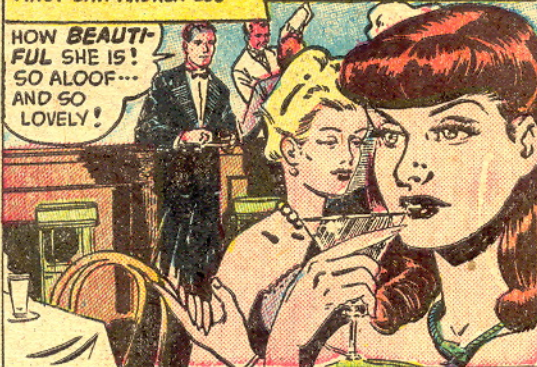


"CAN YOU IMAGINE YOURSELF IN LOVE WITH A WOMAN... NO, A HALF-WOMAN, HALF-DEMON... ENSLAVED BY SUCH A CREATURE... WHILE SHE LAUGHED AT YOUR PITIFUL EFFORTS TO WIN HER LOVE... AND YOUR EVEN MORE PITIFUL EFFORTS TO BREAK AWAY??"



"I WAS AN ARCHITECT, YOUNG AND SUCCESSFUL, WHEN I FIRST SAW ANDREA LEE..."

HOW BEAUTIFUL SHE IS! SO ALOOF... AND SO LOVELY!



I'VE GOT TO MEET HER AND TALK TO HER! SHE MUST HAVE JUST COME IN ALONE! BETTER HURRY... BEFORE MY LUCK RUNS OUT!



"AFTER THAT, I SAW HER EVERY DAY... THE RACES... DINNER... CLUBS... PARTIES... AND ALONE..."

I THOUGHT... MAYBE... I MEAN, I'M GENE THOMAS! WOULD YOU LIKE TO DANCE?

DANCE? WHY, YES, I'D LOVE TO!

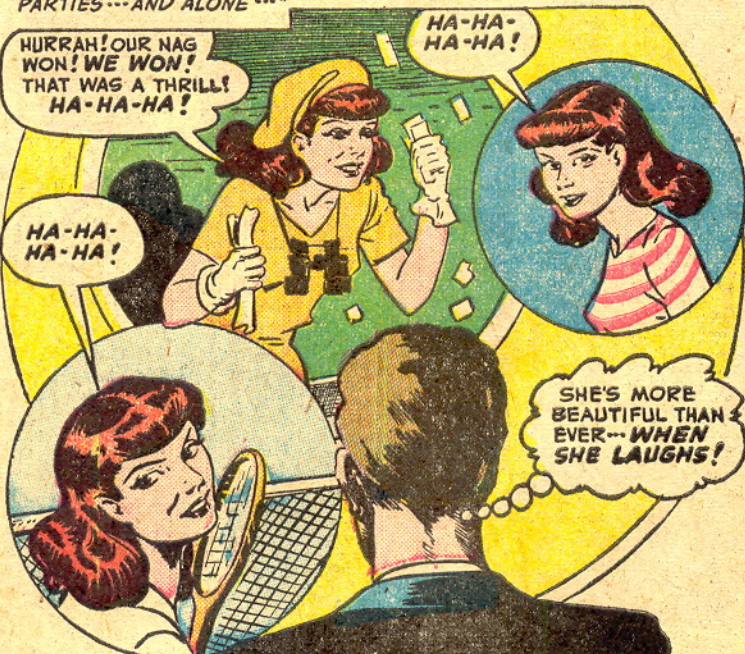


"SHE SMILED... AND I WAS LOST!"

HURRAH! OUR NAG WON! WE WON! THAT WAS A THRILL! HA-HA-HA!

HA-HA-HA-HA!

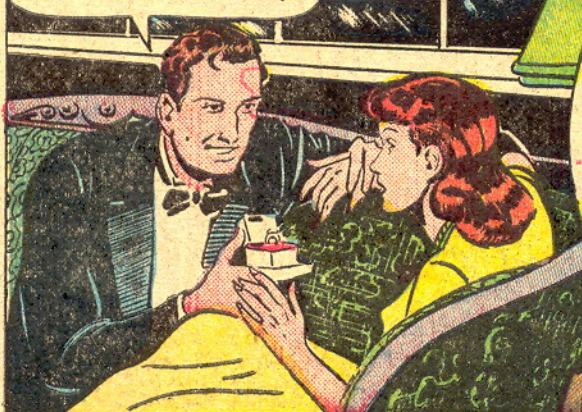
HA-HA-HA-HA!



SHE'S MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN EVER... WHEN SHE LAUGHS!

"I WAS IN LOVE... DEEPLY, HUNGRILY, FOREVER... AND I WAS SURE THAT ANDREA LOVED ME, TOO..."

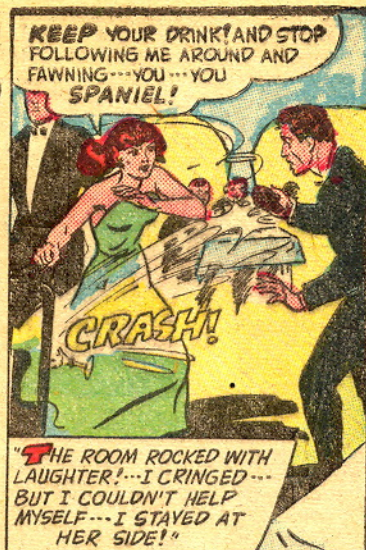
DARLING, I'VE BEEN WANTING TO ASK YOU FOR A LONG TIME... I'VE GOT THE RING RIGHT HERE! ANDREA... MARRY ME! I KNOW YOU'LL SAY YES!



HA-HA-HA! YOU LOVE ME! YOU WANT ME TO MARRY YOU! AND YOU KNOW I'LL SAY YES! FOOL... POOR STUPID OAF! NOW... AT LAST... YOU'LL LEARN TO KNOW ME... AND YOURSELF! HA-HA-HA-HA!

"SUDDENLY, ANDREA WAS UGLY... AS SHE LAUGHED THAT STARK, DRY, MOCKING LAUGH! MY RING... AND MY HOPES... WERE DASHED BACK IN MY FACE! I FELT DOPE, EMPTY, HELPLESS!"





MARRY THIS INSECT? OF COURSE NOT! I NEVER INTENDED TO! I WANTED TO SEE HIM SQUIRM WHEN I STEPPED ON HIM IN PUBLIC...AND WATCH HIM COME CRAWLING AFTER ME ON ALL FOURS...



COME ON, GENE! CRAWL!

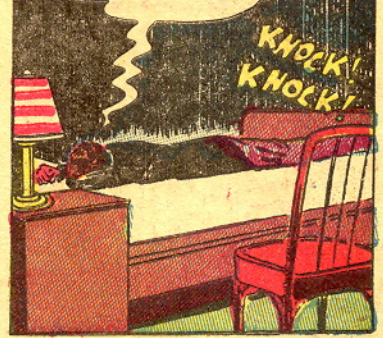
BUT...YOU PROMISED...PLEASE! ANDREA...DON'T LEAVE ME...!



"SHE TURNED AWAY, AND I WENT CRAWLING AFTER HER IN FRONT OF ALL MY FRIENDS, LIKE THE PITIFUL MONGREL I HAD BECOME!"

"I FINALLY CRAWLED BACK TO MY ROOM... FEELING AS THOUGH I HAD TRAVELED THE ENTIRE WAY ON ALL FOURS..."

I CAN'T GO ON ANY LONGER...CAN'T FACE IT! (SOB)...I'LL LEAVE...GO AWAY! BUT... (SOB)...I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT ANDREA!



KNOCK! KNOCK!

YOU...YOU'VE COME BACK! IT'S YOU...!

YES...I! DIDN'T YOU EXPECT ME? DO YOU THINK I'VE COME TO APOLOGIZE? WELL... YOU'RE WRONG!



"I FELL ON MY KNEES BEFORE HER... KISSED HER SHOES..."

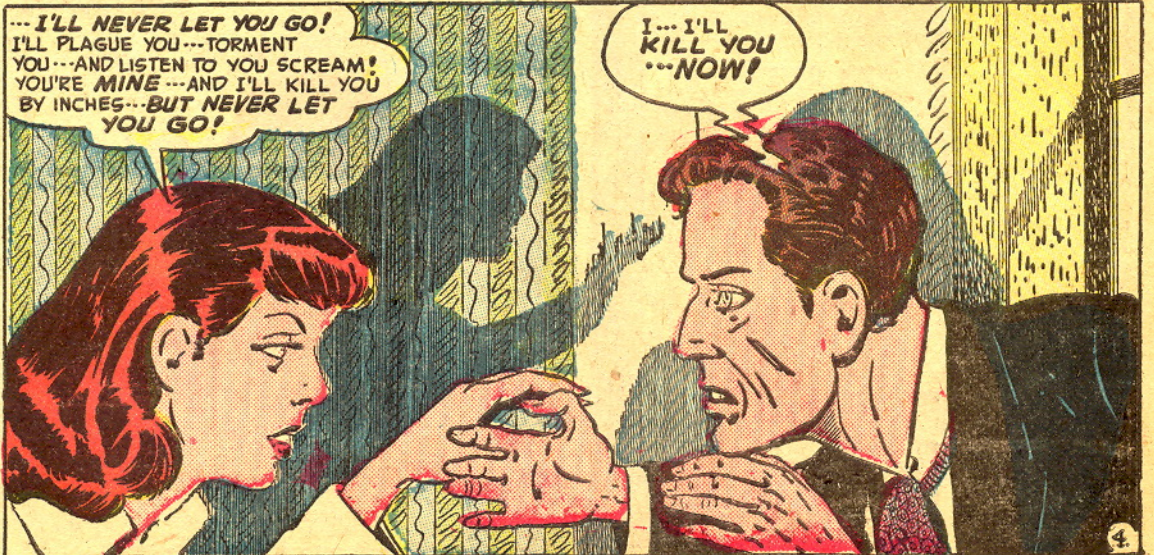
ANDREA, I BEG YOU...DON'T DO THIS TO ME! HAVE PITY ON ME!

AFTER I'VE GOT YOU TAMED? AND JUST WHEN YOU'VE BEGUN TO BLEED? OH, NO! I HATE MEN... I HATE YOU...



... I'LL NEVER LET YOU GO! I'LL PLAGUE YOU...TORMENT YOU...AND LISTEN TO YOU SCREAM! YOU'RE MINE...AND I'LL KILL YOU BY INCHES...BUT NEVER LET YOU GO!

I... I'LL KILL YOU...NOW!



KILL ME? YOU PITIFUL
EXCUSE FOR A MAN---
YOU COWARD---YOU
HAVEN'T THE NERVE
TO KILL ME! YOU'RE
AFRAID!

NO---
NO! I'LL
---KILL---
YOU---

"I BACKED AWAY---MY BRAVADO
FADING! AGAIN, SHE MOCKED ME---

REMEMBER---YOU'RE WHAT I
MADE YOU---A MISERABLE
CREATURE! I'D COME BACK
FROM THE DEAD TO HAUNT
YOU IF YOU DID KILL ME!
BUT YOU WON'T---I KNOW
IT---YOU KNOW IT!
YOU'RE AFRAID!

HERE, YOU LILY-LIVERED
RABBIT! TAKE THIS GUN!
GO ON---DO IT! SHOOT
ME! KILL ME!

"I WAS AFRAID! BUT AS I LOOK-
ED THROUGH THE BEAUTIFUL
FACE TO THE EVIL BENEATH---MY HEAD
SWIRLED IN A DEEP, RED HAZE---
SOMETHING WITHIN ME
SNAPPED---

--- KILL ME---AND
I'LL COME
BACK TO
HAUNT
YOU!

"MY FINGER
TIGHTENED ON
THE TRIGGER
--- MY HEAD
EXPLODED---
I HEARD A
SCREAM OF
PAIN---

CRACK!
CRACK!
CRACK!

"THE HORROR WHICH ANDREA LEE HAD BRED IN ME WAS STRONGER
THAN EVER AS I FLED THE ROOM---

I'LL---HAUNT
YOU---HAUNT
YOU---

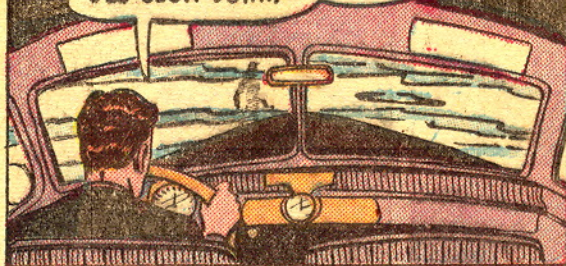
I'VE
KILLED
HER!

"ONE THOUGHT FILLED ME NOW---
ABOVE THE TERROR AND THE
SHAME---ESCAPE! I HAD TO
GET AWAY---FROM MY PAIN-FILLED
PAST---FROM THE MEMORY OF
ANDREA LEE---

"I DROVE OUT OF THE CITY
SWIFTLY, ALONG A DARK, MISTY
ROAD, PLANNING MY ESCAPE---

"**THEN ON A LONELY, MISTY ROAD...**"

THERE'S SOMETHING---SOMEONE---WALKING ON THE ROAD AHEAD OF ME! THE MIST'S ALL AROUND THE FIGURE LIKE A BLACK SHROUD! IT'S A WOMAN--- SHE MIGHT BE IN TROUBLE! I'LL SLOW DOWN!



"**SHE PULLED UP, THE SHAPE IN THE BLACK-SHROUDED MIST TURNED---**"

IT'S YOU
...YOU!

"**SHE LAUGHED SOUNDLESSLY---THE MOCKING LAUGH OF ANDREA'S THAT I KNEW SO WELL! FEAR RETURNED A THOUSAND TIMES MORE TERRIBLE THAN BEFORE!**"

"**I LEAPED FROM THE CAR, LOATHING MYSELF AS I DID! SUDDENLY, I KNEW THAT MY LOVE FOR THIS WOMAN REMAINED! AGAIN, I KNEELED BEFORE HER---**"

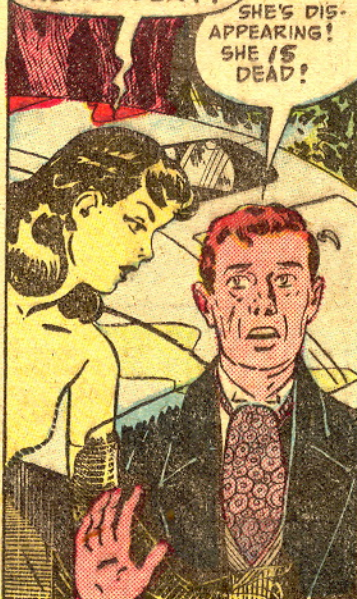
ANDREA, FORGIVE ME--- I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT I WAS DOING! I DIDN'T MEAN TO SHOOT YOU! I LOVE YOU ---I'M SO HAPPY YOU'RE ALIVE!

REMEMBER--- I SAID YOU COULD NEVER KILL ME ---



"**I SAID I WOULD COME BACK TO HAUNT YOUR CRAVEN SOUL! REMEMBER??**"

SHE... SHE'S DIS- APPEARING! SHE IS DEAD!



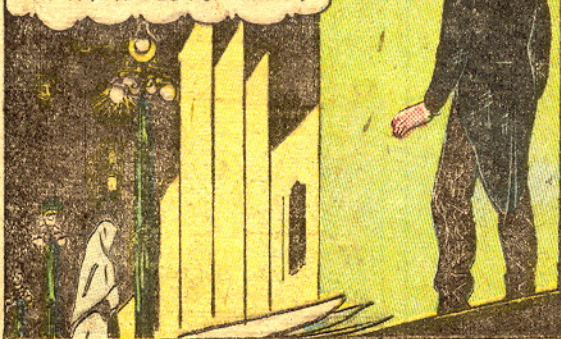
"**DESERTING MY CAR, I RAN---**"

HER SPIRIT HAS COME BACK TO HAUNT ME! SHE'LL DRIVE ME MAD---THE WITCH! ESCAPE ---I'VE GOT TO ESCAPE!

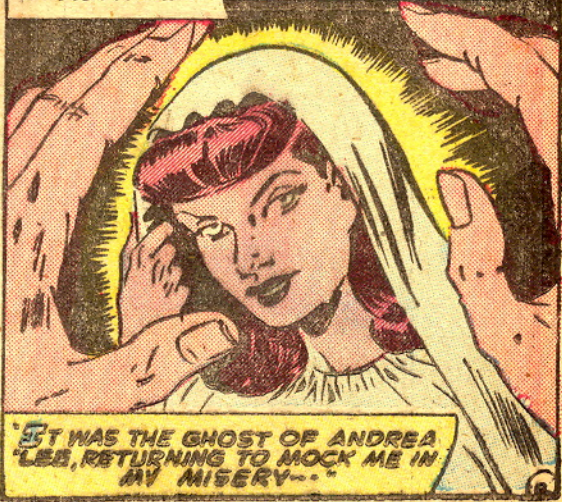


"**DAYLIGHT HAD SCATTERED THAT TERRIBLE NIGHT BEFORE I RESTED! FOR A WEEK, I FLED---ON AND ON--- ESCAPING FROM HER RATHER THAN THE LAW!**"

I'VE LOST HER--- AT LAST! BUT I NEED REST---NEW CLOTHES ---I'M SEEDIER LOOKING THAN THAT PANHANDLER UP AHEAD!



"**AS IF SHE'D HEARD MY THOUGHTS, THE PAN- HANDLER TURNED ---**"



"**IT WAS THE GHOST OF ANDREA LEE, RETURNING TO MOCK ME IN MY MISERY---**"

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN, GENE THOMAS---FORGOTTEN ME? WE'LL MEET AGAIN, GENE, AND YOU WILL REMEMBER!

GO AWAY---
GO AWAY!

*AGAIN I
FLED FROM
MY PAST
INTO THE
BARREN VOID
THAT WAS MY
FUTURE---
UNTIL--- I
FOUND MYSELF
ALONE, BEATEN,
CLOSE TO THE
END..."



GO ON, BUB, NO
LOITERIN' AROUND
HERE---MOVE
ALONG!

I'M GOING---GOT TO
GET AWAY FROM HERE
---AWAY FROM HER
---WAIT! NO!



IT'S AN HALLUCI-
NATION! NO! IT'S
---IT'S ANDREA!

DO YOU
THINK I'VE
COME TO
APOLOGIZE?
WELL---
YOU'RE
WRONG---



SHE'S HERE---AFTER
ME AGAIN! DON'T
YOU SEE HER? I'M
AFRAID---SAVE ME---
PROTECT
ME---!



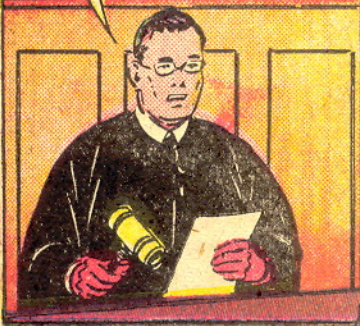
WHAT'S THE MATTER
WITH YOU, BUB? ARE
YOU DRUNK? BEAT IT
---OR I'LL RUN YOU
IN!

ALL RIGHT, TAKE
ME IN! ARREST
ME---I'M A
MURDERER!



"IN THE COURTROOM, FOR THE
FIRST TIME IN A MONTH, I WAS
AT PEACE..."

GENE THOMAS---FOR THE
MURDER OF ANDREA LEE
---I SENTENCE YOU TO
DIE---IN THE ELECTRIC
CHAIR!



HAVE YOU SAID YOUR
FINAL PRAYERS, MY
SON?

I HAVE,
---BUT I'M
THANKFUL---
I'LL SOON BE
FREE!



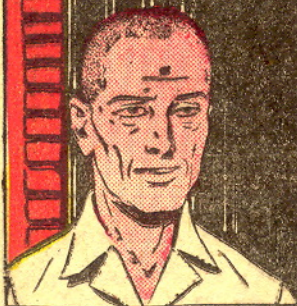
"AND---WALKING THE LAST MILE---"

AT LAST---
I'LL BE
FREE---
OF
HER!



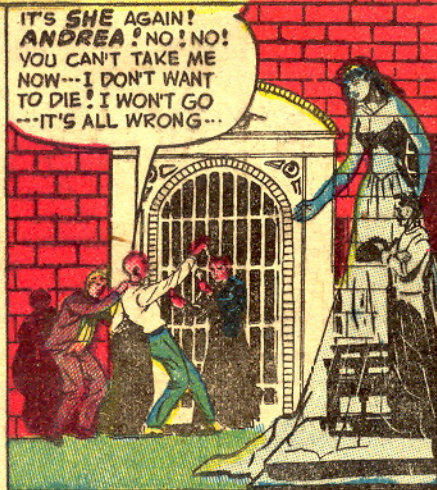
AS I STEPPED INTO THE EXECUTION CHAMBER, MY MIND WAS FAR AWAY FROM MY OWN IMMINENT DEATH--"

I SHOULD HAVE HAD THE COURAGE TO DO THIS LONG AGO! I'VE ESCAPED YOU NOW, ANDREA LEE --



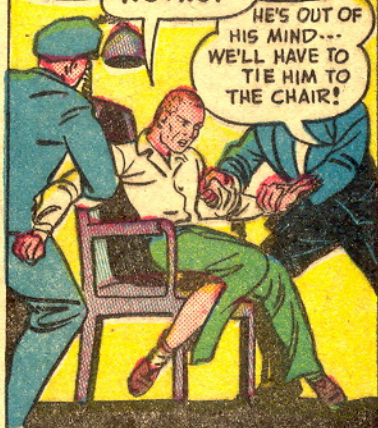
"BUT...THERE...WAITING FOR ME BY THE ELECTRIC CHAIR...BECKONING..."

IT'S SHE AGAIN! ANDREA! NO! NO! YOU CAN'T TAKE ME NOW--I DON'T WANT TO DIE! I WON'T GO --IT'S ALL WRONG--

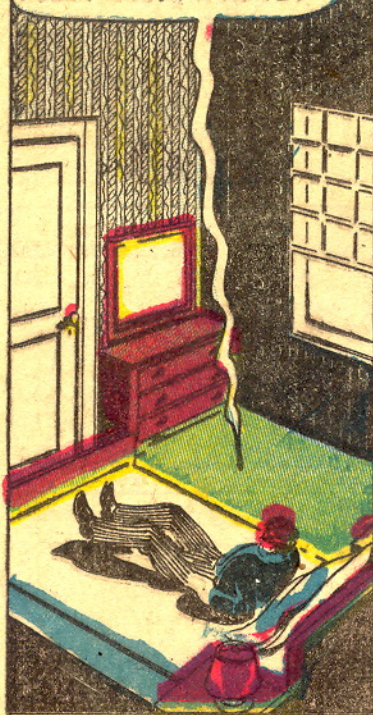


I WANT TO GIVE MYSELF UP TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR...BUT NOT TO ANDREA! AND SHE'S WAITING FOR ME---RIGHT THERE! SAVE ME ---DON'T KILL ME NOW---DON'T! NO! NO!

HE'S OUT OF HIS MIND... WE'LL HAVE TO TIE HIM TO THE CHAIR!



SHE'S WAITING FOR ME---DON'T KILL ---WHA---? WHERE AM I? HERE---HERE IN MY HOTEL ROOM! ALIVE! I'M ALIVE!



IT WAS A HORRIBLE DREAM! ANDREA DIDN'T COME HERE---I DIDN'T KILL HER! I'M SAFE! THANK HEAVEN! NOW---AT LAST ---I'LL BE ABLE TO GO AWAY--- LEAVE HER---FOREVER!

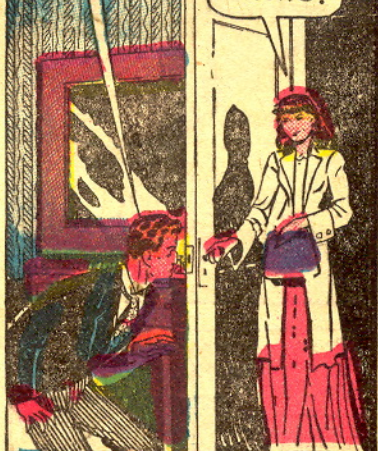
KNOCK-KNOCK!



AT THE DOOR WAS MY LOATHSOME PAST---MY HORROR-FILLED PRESENT ---MY TERRIFYING FUTURE---ALL ROLLED INTO ONE!"

YOU---YOU'VE COME BACK! IT'S YOU---?

YES---I! DIDN'T YOU EXPECT ME? DO YOU THINK I'VE COME BACK TO APOLOGIZE? WELL ---YOU'RE WRONG!

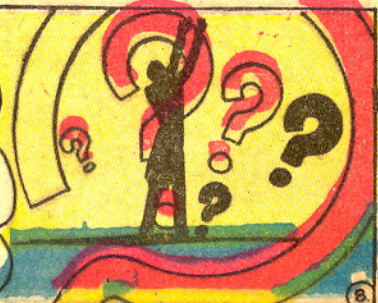


I KNEW THEN I COULD NEVER ESCAPE FROM ANDREA LEE---FROM MY FATE! WHATEVER WAS GOING TO HAPPEN--- I WOULD DIE!"

HMM, QUITE A STORY, WARDEN! CAN ALL THIS ---FATE---THE UNKNOWN---ACTUALLY BE TRUE??



I DON'T KNOW! DO YOU??? -- I JUST KNOW THAT'S THE STORY GENE THOMAS TOLD ME IN THE DEATH-HOUSE---JUST BEFORE HE WALKED THE LAST MILE---AT MIDNIGHT LAST NIGHT! AND I KNOW THIS, TOO--- AS HE APPROACHED THE ELECTRIC CHAIR, A FRENZY CAME OVER HIM--- A VISION...OUT OF THE UNKNOWN!



The **HIDEOUS HEAD**

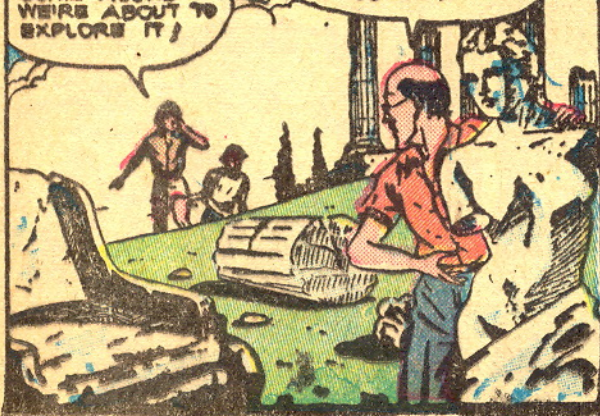


ALMOST EVERY SCHOOLBOY HAS READ ABOUT THE ANCIENT GREEK LEGEND OF **MEDUSA'S HEAD**-- THAT HIDEOUSLY GROTESQUE OBJECT WHICH HAD THE POWER OF TURNING ALL WHO LOOKED AT IT TO STONE! AND SINCE MOST LEGENDS ORIGINALLY HAD SOME FOUNDATION IN FACT, THAT HEAD OF HORROR COULD ACTUALLY HAVE EXISTED! A CHILLING POSSIBILITY, READER-- AND OUT OF IT EMERGES AN EERIE, SPINE-TINGLING STORY YOU'LL NEVER FORGET!

AT AN ARCHEOLOGICAL EXCAVATION NEAR THE ANCIENT GREEK CITY OF ARGOS...

PROFESSOR GRIFFITH, WE'VE JUST UNCOVERED A NEW CAVE IN THE EXCAVATIONS, AND IT SEEMS TO LEAD INTO THE ANCIENT MARKET PLACE OF ARGOS! COME ALONG-- WE'RE ABOUT TO EXPLORE IT!

I CAN'T GO WITH YOU NOW-- I STILL CAN'T TEAR MYSELF AWAY FROM THIS STATUE OF VENUS I DUG UP YESTERDAY! SHE'S SO LOVELY... SO UTTERLY LOVELY!



BACK IN THE STATES, I ALWAYS HEARD THAT GRIFFITH WAS SLIGHTLY TOUCHED-- BUT THIS EXPEDITION HAS CONVINCED ME OF IT!

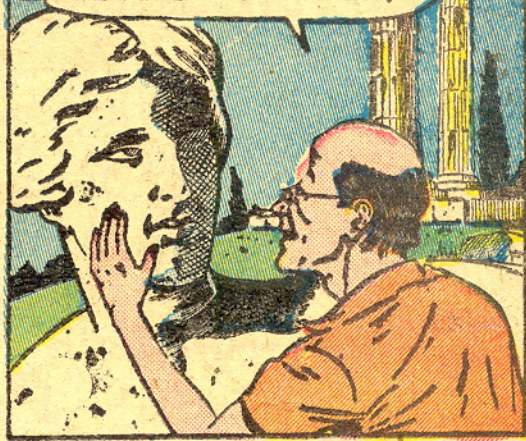
ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORITIES ON ANCIENT SCULPTURES-- AND HE SEEMS TO FALL IN LOVE WITH EVERY STATUE HE FINDS-- AS IF IT WERE ACTUALLY ALIVE!



WELL, IT'S EASY TO UNDERSTAND WHY HE'S THAT WAY! HE'S BEEN SPURNED BY WOMEN BECAUSE OF HIS UGLINESS-- BUT NO **STATUE** CAN EVER MOCK OR REJECT HIM!

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT! ONLY TWO NIGHTS AGO, I HEARD HIM PROPOSE TO DR. NANCY HOPEWELL, THE GORGEOUS GEOLOGIST ON THE EXPEDITION-- AND HE WENT INTO A RAGE WHEN SHE TURNED HIM DOWN. COLO! BUT LET'S FORGET THE POOR DEVIL-- HERE'S THE CAVE!

ONLY A **STATUE**-- BUT BEAUTIFUL! AND HER MARBLE HEART-- WARMER THAN THOSE OF HER CRUEL HUMAN SISTERS! FAREWELL, MY LOVELY-- THERE MAY BE OTHERS LIKE YOU IN THE NEWLY-FOUND CAVERN!



THIS IS **INCREDIBLE**-- I... I'VE NEVER SEEN A STATUE THAT LOOKED SO AMAZINGLY **LIFELIKE!**

GRIFFITH! COME HERE AND LOOK AT THIS!



BY JUPITER, THIS IS AMAZING! THAT LOOK OF SHEER HORROR AND AGONY ON HER FACE WASN'T THE KIND OF EXPRESSION THE GREEK SCULPTORS EVER PUT ON THEIR STATUES! AND THERE'S NOT EVEN A PEDESTAL-- IT'S ALMOST AS IF THIS HAD BEEN A LIVE WOMAN WHO HAD TURNED TO STONE!



LOOK-- THERE ARE SOME MORE STATUES NEAR THAT BEND IN THE CAVE!

THEY--THEY'RE **ALL** INCREDIBLY LIFELIKE-- AND THEY ALL HAVE THAT SAME EXPRESSION OF UNSPEAKABLE **HORROR!**

YES, AND THEY ALL SEEM TO BE LOOKING DOWN THAT PERPENDICULAR CORRIDOR AROUND THE BEND! COME, ON-- LET'S SEE WHAT'S OVER THERE!

BUT AS THE TWO MEN ROUND THE BEND--

ARGH--I... I'M PARALYZED-- CAN'T MOVE-- CAN'T TEAR MY EYES AWAY FROM THAT... THAT **THING!**

IT... IT FEELS AS IF I'M BEING TURNED INTO STONE! **GRIFFITH-- HELP US!**



THEY'RE CHANGING COLOR-- BECOMING WHITER-- THE COLOR OF STONE!

Aghh!

AND HE... HE'S STONE-HARD-- STONE-COLD! OOPS-- HE'S TOPPLING OVER--

HE... HE SHATTERED-- LIKE BRITTLE MARBLE!

CRASH

THERE... THERE'S ONLY ONE POSSIBLE EXPLANATION-- THIS CAVE MUST BE THE BURIAL GROUND FOR MEDUSA'S HEAD! ACCORDING TO ANCIENT GREEK LEGEND, ALL HUMANS WHO LOOKED UPON THE HEAD OF MEDUSA WERE INSTANTLY TURNED TO STONE! THE GREEK HERO, PERSEUS, WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE ONLY LOOKED AT HER REFLECTION IN HIS POLISHED SHIELD WHILE HE CUT OFF HER HEAD! THEN THE HEAD WAS BURIED AT THE MARKET PLACE AT ARGOS-- AND WE STUMBLED ON IT AFTER ALL THESE THOUSANDS OF YEARS! AND NOW I CAN USE PERSEUS' TRICK TO OBTAIN THE HEAD!

LATER, AT THE TENT OF DR. NANCY HOPKINS, THE EXPEDITION'S GEOLOGIST...

WHY, YES, YOU CAN BORROW MY MIRROR, PROF. GRIFFITH-- BUT WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU WANT WITH IT? AND WHY THAT BURLAP BAG AND NET?

WAIT HERE AND YOU'LL FIND OUT, NANCY-- I'LL BE BACK IN AN HOUR WITH THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF THE AGES!

BACK IN THE CAVE...

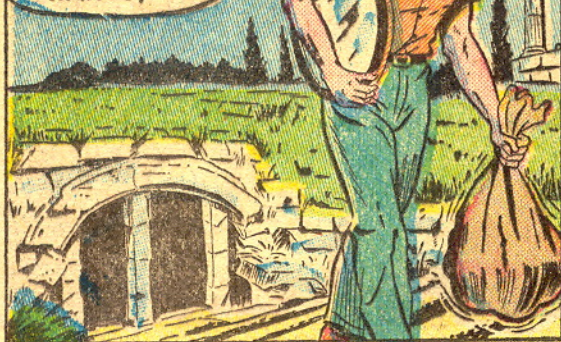
AH, BY HOLDING THE MIRROR UP AT THE PROPER ANGLE, I CAN WALK BACKWARDS AND SEE WHAT TURNED THOSE MEN INTO STONE! GREAT ZEUS-- THERE IT IS-- THE HEAD OF MEDUSA!

SHE'S JUST AS THE LEGENDS DESCRIBE HER-- WITH THOSE HORRIBLE, WRITHING, UNDYING SNAKES ATOP HER HEAD! BY THROWING THE NET BACK OVER MY SHOULDER, I CAN SNAG THE HEAD AND TOSS IT INTO THE BAG WITHOUT ONCE LOOKING DIRECTLY AT IT-- AND THEN MEDUSA'S HEAD WILL BE MINE!



AFTER SECURING THE HEAD...

WHEN I ANNOUNCE MY DISCOVERY, WHEN THE WHOLE WORLD IS PAYING ME HOMAGE, PERHAPS THEN WOMEN WILL LOOK UPON ME MORE KINDLY! AND THE FIRST ONE WHOSE ADMIRATION I'LL WIN WILL BE NANCY!



YOU'VE SPURNED ME IN THE PAST, NANCY-- BUT WHEN YOU HEAR WHAT I'VE DISCOVERED, WHEN YOU REALIZE WHAT FAME AND GLORY THE CONTENTS OF THIS BAG WILL BRING ME, I'M SURE YOU'LL RETURN MY LOVE!

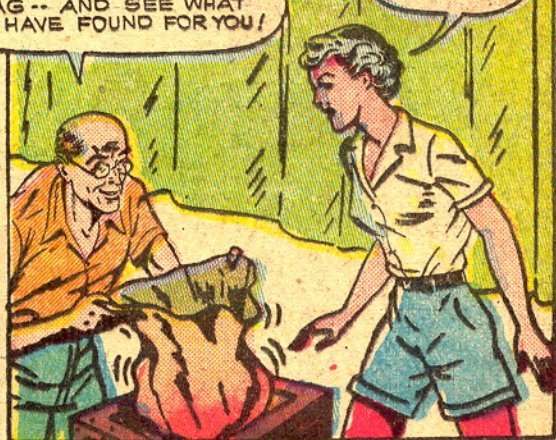
DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! NOTHING COULD EVER MAKE ME LOVE YOU!



I COULD KILL HER FOR LAUGHING AT ME-- AND I WILL! IF I CAN'T HAVE HER, NO MAN EVER WILL! BUT I'LL HAVE TO CONTROL MY FURY, MAKE SURE SHE DOESN'T SUSPECT ANYTHING!

I GUESS I SHOULD HAVE REALIZED YOU WOULD NEVER HAVE THE LIKES OF ME! I PROMISE I WON'T EVER ANNOY YOU AGAIN! BUT JUST LOOK INSIDE THIS BAG-- AND SEE WHAT I HAVE FOUND FOR YOU!

WHY, CERTAINLY -- AND I'M SORRY IF I HURT YOUR FEELINGS!



WHAT IS IT-- A SURPRISE? I CAN'T SUITE MAKE IT OUT!

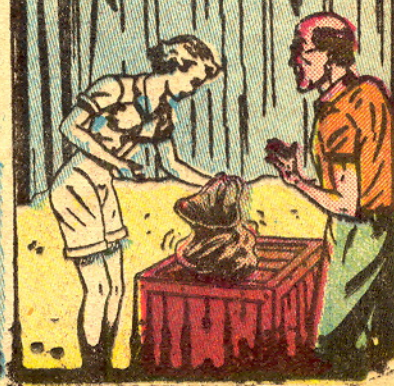
KEEP LOOKING-- IT'LL BE THE BIGGEST SURPRISE OF YOUR LIFE!

OH-- SOMETHING'S HAPPENING! I'M STIFFENING-- I CAN'T MOVE-- A MUSCLE-- COLD--

YES, STONE-COLD! YOUR BLOOD IS TURNING TO STONE-- AND WHEN IT REACHES YOUR STONY HEART, YOU'LL DIE IN STONY AGONY!

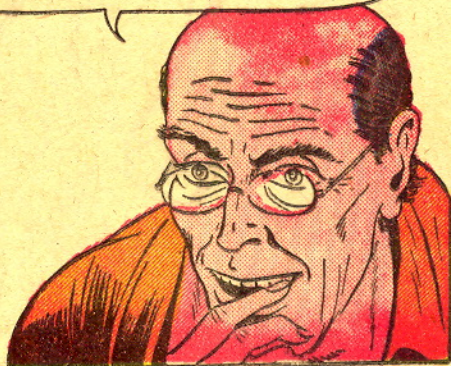
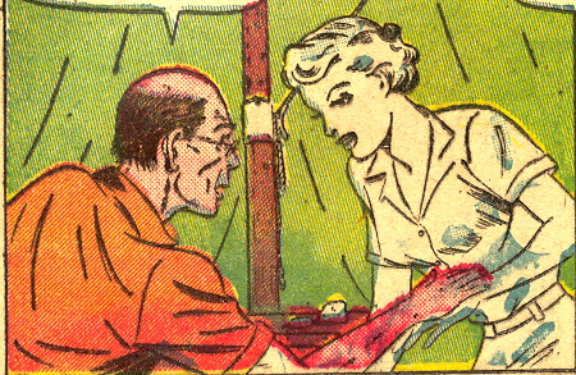
DEAD! BUT SHE DESERVED IT-- THAT'S WHAT SHE GETS FOR MOCKING ME, SPURNING ME!

AAGH!!



BUT... BUT WHY DIDN'T SHE GET THAT EXPRESSION OF AGONY AND HORROR LIKE THE OTHERS? PERHAPS BECAUSE IT WAS DARK IN THE BAG, AND SHE COULD JUST SEE ENOUGH TO BE KILLED BY THE HEAD'S STRANGE POWER-- WITHOUT ITS FULL HORROR DAWNING ON HER!

IF SO, THAT TELLS ME HOW I CAN AVENGE MYSELF ON ALL THOSE WHO HAVE SPURNED ME-- ON ALL WOMANKIND! I'LL TURN THEM INTO STONE BY MAKING THEM LOOK AT THE HEAD WHILE IT'S IN THE SHADOWS, SO THAT THEY'LL DIE WITHOUT THEIR FACES BEING CONTORTED IN AGONY! THEY'LL BE AS BEAUTIFUL AS THEY WERE IN REAL LIFE, AND THEY'LL BE PRESERVED FOREVER IN STONE-- FOR ME! BUT FIRST, I'LL HAVE TO MAKE SURE NO ONE SEES NANCY'S STATUE---



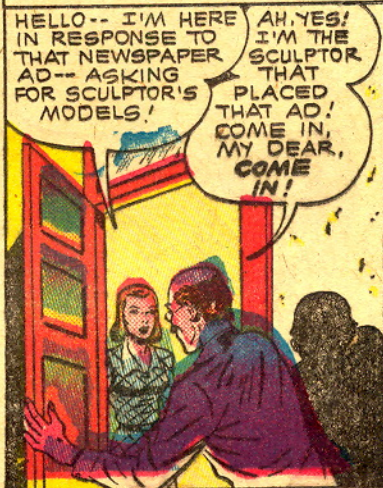
YES-- I'LL SMASH HER STATUE INTO RUBBLE!

NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO TO COVER UP MY TRACKS IS SMASH UP THOSE STATUES IN THE CAVE-- AND NO ONE WILL EVER SUSPECT THAT MEDUSA'S HEAD WAS EVER FOUND! THEN-- I CAN PROCEED WITH MY PLAN!

THREE WEEKS LATER, BACK IN THE STATES...

HELLO-- I'M HERE IN RESPONSE TO THAT NEWSPAPER AD-- ASKING FOR SCULPTOR'S MODELS!

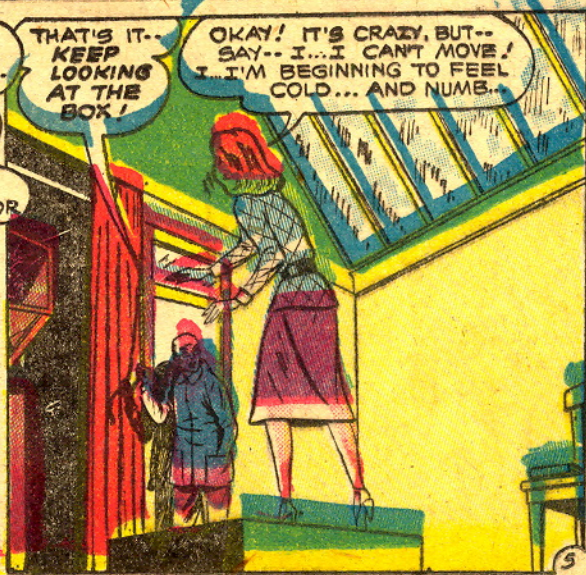
AH, YES! I'M THE SCULPTOR THAT PLACED THAT AD! COME IN, MY DEAR, COME IN!



BUT... BUT I DON'T ASK QUESTIONS-- JUST DO AS I SAY! STAND THERE IN AN ATTRACTIVE POSE AND SMILE-- AND WHEN I DRAW THIS CURTAIN ASIDE, KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE SMALL BOX SET UP AGAINST THE WALL! YOU WON'T QUITE BE ABLE TO MAKE OUT THE CONTENTS OF THE BOX, BECAUSE THE INTERIOR WILL BE DARK, BUT KEEP LOOKING AT IT!

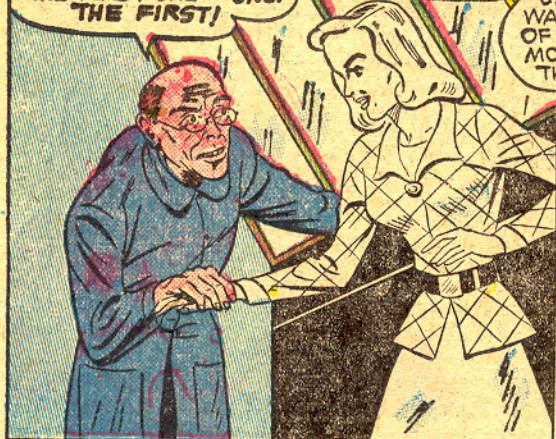
THAT'S IT-- KEEP LOOKING AT THE BOX!

OKAY! IT'S CRAZY, BUT-- SAY-- I... I CAN'T MOVE! I... I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL COLD... AND NUMB--



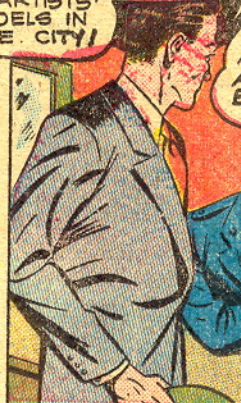
MOMENTS LATER...

WELL, MY STONY-HEARTED ONE--YOU'LL NEVER LAUGH AT ME OR SPURN ME IN CONTEMPT! YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE ME-- YOUR LOVELINESS IS ETCHED PERMANENTLY IN STONE-- AND IT'S MINE! AND YOU'RE ONLY THE FIRST! ONLY THE FIRST!



A MONTH LATER...

THAT'S QUITE A TALL ORDER YOU'RE GIVING ANNE AND ME, CHIEF-- TELLING US TO SOLVE THE MYSTERIOUS WAVE OF ARTISTS' MODELS IN THE CITY!



I'M DEPENDING ON YOU TWO-- YOU'RE MY BEST DETECTIVE, CHUCK, AND ANNE'S MY BEST AND PRETTIEST POLICEWOMAN! HERE'S A PHOTO OF THE LATEST MISSING MODEL-- TRY TO FIND OUT THE LAST PLACE SHE VISITED! AS SOON AS YOU GET A LEAD, ANNE CAN POSE AS A MODEL AND GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS MYSTERY!

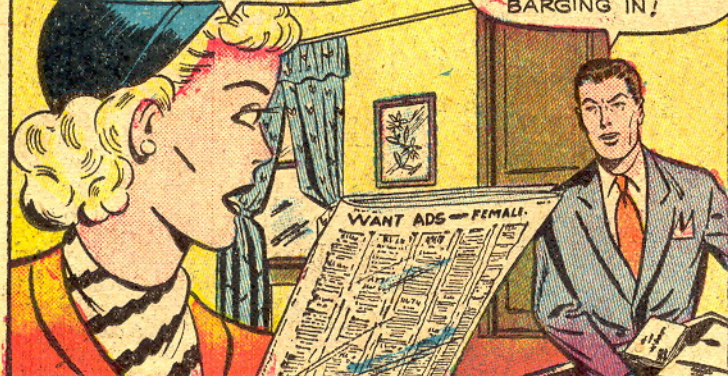


SAY, CHUCK, **THIS** MIGHT BE A CLUE! THIS NEWSPAPER I FOUND ON THE MODEL'S BED IS DATED YESTERDAY, THE DAY OF HER DISAPPEARANCE!-- AND THERE'S A RED CIRCLE AROUND A CLASSIFIED AD! IT READS-- "WANTED, SCULPTOR'S MODEL, HIGH PAY, STUDIO B, 509 EAST STREET!"

MM-- SHE MIGHT HAVE GONE THERE-- AND THAT MEANS YOU'RE GOING THERE! AND IF YOU'RE NOT OUT OF THAT STUDIO TEN MINUTES AFTER YOU ENTER IT, I'LL COME BARGING IN!

AN HOUR LATER-- HELLO-- ARE YOU THE ONE WHO PLACED THAT AD ASKING FOR A SCULPTOR'S MODEL?

YES, INDEED-- AND YOU'RE THE LOVELIEST ONE WHO'S ANSWERED THE AD SO FAR! COME IN, MY DEAR, COME IN!



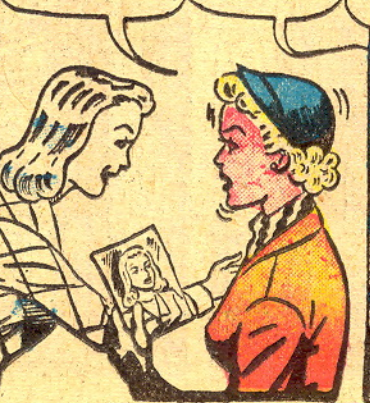
WHY, THESE STATUES ARE ASTONISHINGLY LIFELIKE! YOU MUST BE ONE OF THE GREATEST SCULPTORS OF THE AGE!

OF COURSE! NOW IF YOU'LL JUST STAND THERE, MY DEAR, AND TURN YOUR EYES TOWARD THAT CURTAIN--

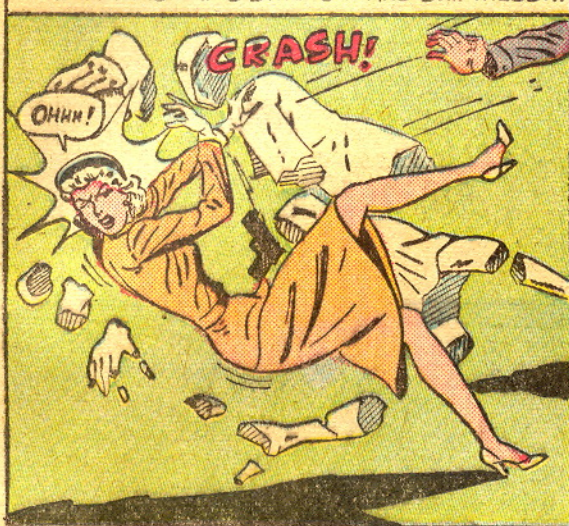
WAIT-- THIS STATUE'S FACE-- IT'S THE FACE OF THE LATEST MODEL WHO'S DISAPPEARED!

DISAPPEARED! I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THAT! SHE WAS JUST A MODEL WHO CAME HERE LAST WEEK--

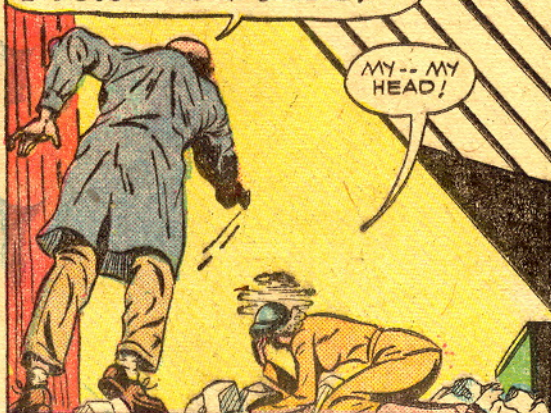
YOU'RE LYING! SHE ANSWERED YOUR AD ONLY YESTERDAY! AND BESIDES, IT WOULD TAKE MONTHS OF LABOR TO CHISEL OUT A STATUE AS PERFECT AS THIS ONE! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, BUT WE'LL FIND OUT AT HEADQUARTERS! COME ALONG!



WITH A MADMAN'S STRENGTH AND SWIFTNESS...

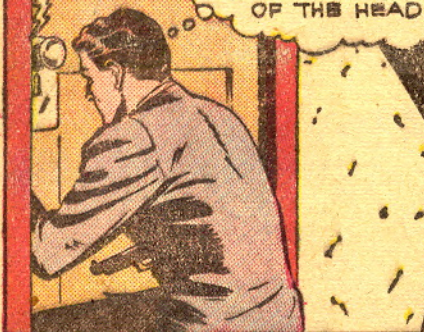


HEH, HEH-- THAT STATUE WAS STONE-HARD! YOU'D NEVER THINK IT WAS ACTUALLY ONCE A SOFT, LIVING GIRL -- BUT IT WAS! AND NOW YOU'RE GOING TO BE TURNED INTO A STONE-COLD STONE-HARD STATUE -- AS SOON AS YOU LOOK AT THE HEAD OF MEDUSA!



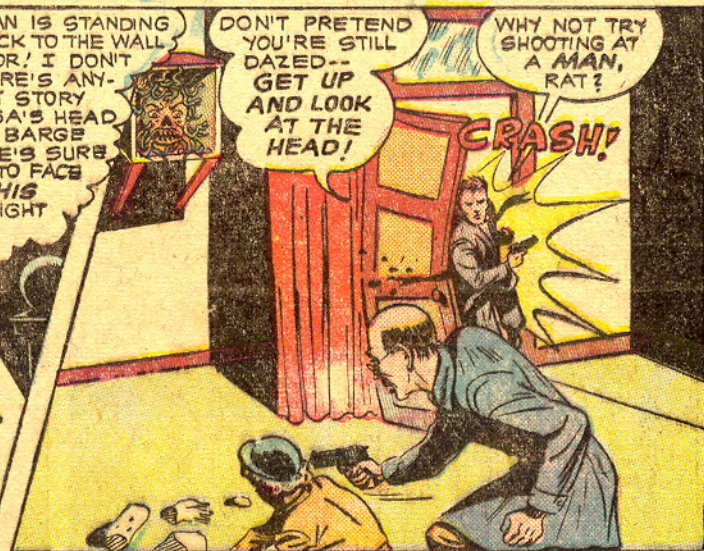
THERE, THE CURTAIN IS DRAWN-- AND I'VE ALSO TURNED ON THE LIGHT THAT ILLUMINATES THE HEAD, BECAUSE I WANT YOU TO SEE IT IN ALL ITS CHASTLY HORROR BEFORE YOU DIE!

THAT MADMAN IS STANDING WITH HIS BACK TO THE WALL, AND THE DOOR! I DON'T KNOW IF THERE'S ANYTHING TO THAT STORY ABOUT MEDUSA'S HEAD -- BUT WHEN I BARGE INTO THE ROOM, HE'S SURE TO WHIRL AROUND TO FACE THE DOOR -- AND HIS EYES WILL CATCH SIGHT OF THE HEAD!



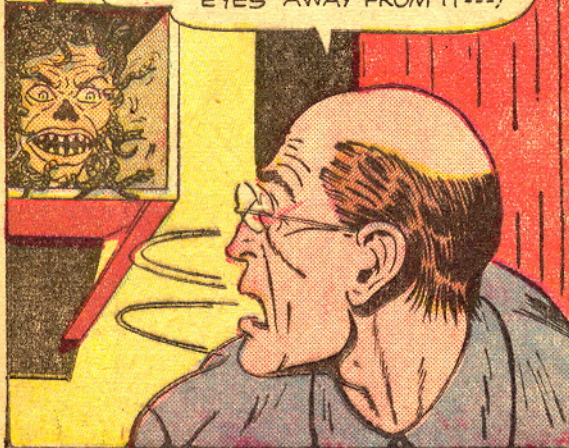
DON'T PRETEND YOU'RE STILL DAZED-- GET UP AND LOOK AT THE HEAD!

WHY NOT TRY SHOOTING AT A MAN, RAT?



AS GRIFFITH WHIRLS-- FORGETTING ABOUT THE HEAD FOR ONE FATAL MOMENT...

WHA-- THE HEAD-- IT... IT'S IN MY LINE OF VISION! I... I CAN'T TEAR MY EYES AWAY FROM IT---



THE... THE AGONY... HOLY COW-- HE'S BLOOD TURNING TO STONE, REACHING MY HEART-- Y*AGHHH!

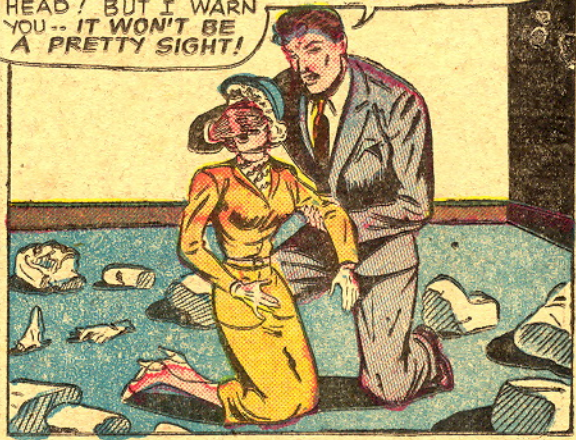
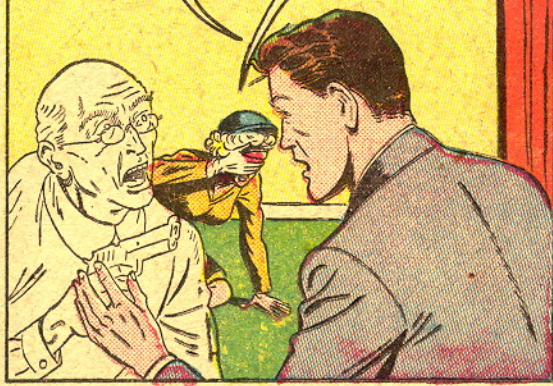
TURNING INTO THE COLOR OF STONE!



THAT... THAT STORY ABOUT MEDUSA'S HEAD MUST BE TRUE-- BECAUSE HE... HE'S AS COLD AND HARD AS A STATUE-- AND JUST AS DEAD!

OH-- IS... IS THAT YOUR VOICE, CHUCK? WHAT HAPPENED? MY HEAD'S STILL IN A WHIRL--- I... I CAN'T EVEN SEE STRAIGHT!

DON'T TRY SEEING STRAIGHT, BABY-- UNTIL WE BACK OUT OF THIS ROOM AND CALL THE POLICE EMERGENCY SQUAD! I'LL ASK THEM TO BRING A LARGE MIRROR AND A VAT OF SULPHURIC ACID-- AND YOU CAN LOOK IN THE MIRROR AND WATCH WHAT WE DO TO OLD MEDUSA'S HEAD! BUT I WARN YOU-- IT WON'T BE A PRETTY SIGHT!



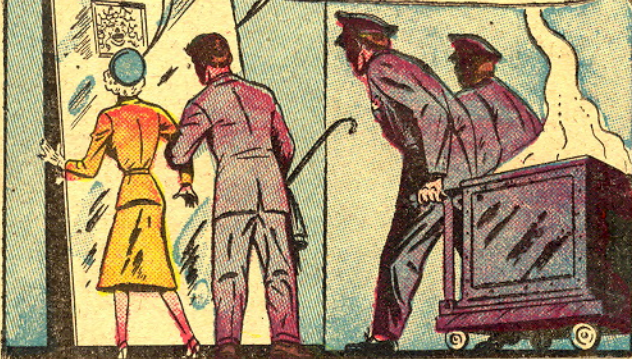
HALF AN HOUR LATER...

OH, CHUCK-- EVEN IN THE MIRROR, THAT... THAT HEAD IS HORRIBLE ENOUGH TO TURN ONE'S BLOOD COLD!

I KNOW-- BUT WE'LL SOON BE RID OF IT! THAT'S RIGHT, BOYS-- KEEP PUSHING THAT VAT OF ACID BACKWARDS! YOU'LL SOON HAVE IT RIGHT UNDER THE HEAD-- BUT WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T TURN AROUND TO LOOK AT IT!

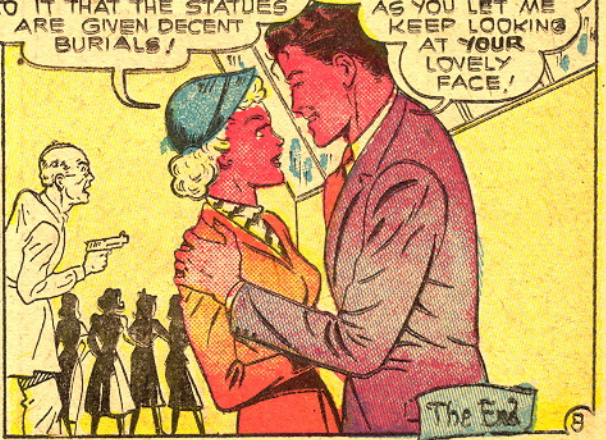
MINUTES LATER...

I CAN HEAR THE SNAKES HISSING-- I MUST BE NEAR THE BOX! AH, THE CROWBAR HAS POKED INTO SOMETHING SOFT-- IT MUST BE THE HEAD! NOW ONE QUICK TWIST OF THE WRIST AND---



YOU DID IT, CHUCK! THE HEAD WAS COMPLETELY DISSOLVED IN THE ACID-- IT'S BEEN DESTROYED FOR GOOD! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO NOW-- SEE TO IT THAT THE STATUES ARE GIVEN DECENT BURIALS!

SURE, HONEY-- EVEN I DON'T WANT ANYTHING AROUND TO REMIND ME OF MEDUSA'S HORROR! BUT IT'LL BE EASY TO FORGET HER-- AS LONG AS YOU LET ME KEEP LOOKING AT YOUR LOVELY FACE!



The End

BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead . . . according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date bait!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's *good night!*"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you—are YOUR ears burning? Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of otherwise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are . . . and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them . . . if they *want to!*

"He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he man" . . . super at track, games, sports of all kinds . . . who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

Even Cute Girls Become Careless

Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair—do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that. BUT MAKE-UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS! Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be!

TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it—with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!



FELLOWS! GIRLS!
Keep Skin Clear and Clean!

UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT in Seconds with VACUTEX

NEW! SCIENTIFIC! VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless . . . safe . . . fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores . . . make your skin look grimy and dingy . . . give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and ex-

tracts it—quickly!—without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear with this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from germ-y fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX—now!



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RUSH
COUPON
NOW!

10 DAY
TRIAL OFFER

Don't send a penny. Mail coupon and pay postman only \$1.00 plus postage. Or save all postage by enclosing \$1.00 with guarantee coupon. If not thrilled to be rid of embarrassing hated blackheads this new quick way—just return VACUTEX in 10 days and get \$1 back. Order today!



No Squeezing
No Infection
No Injury
to Skin
Tissues!

Just place VACUTEX over blackhead—
release extractor—and blackhead's out!

10 DAY TRIAL GUARANTEE

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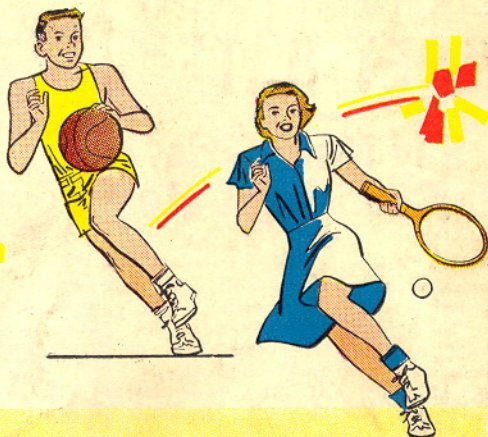
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